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emocracy for Everybody?
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NATIONAL REVIEW

Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make M.A.D.

The suicidal assumptions of the ABM Treaty, by M. Stanton Evans

Also: Tom Bethell on the Agency for International Development

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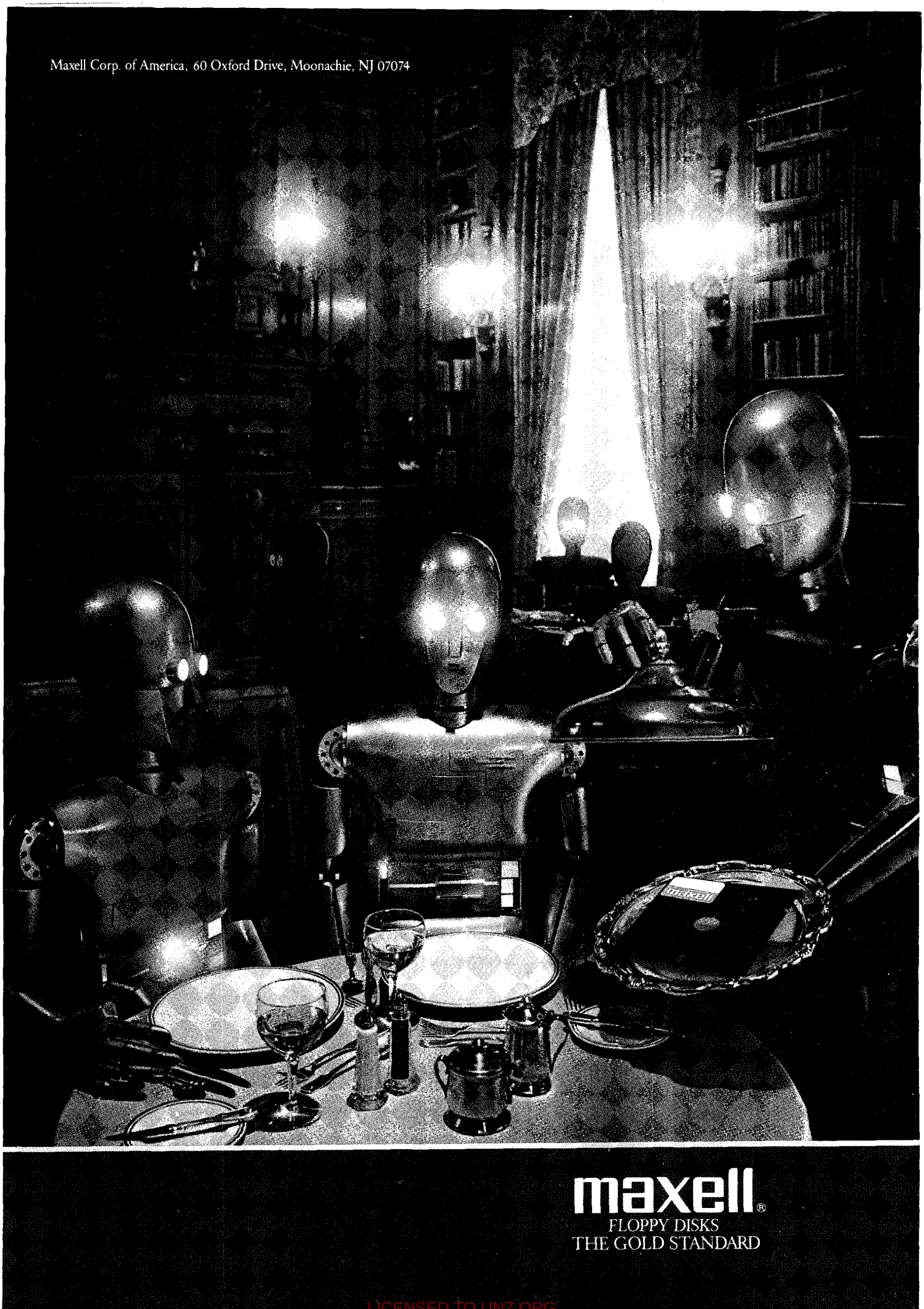

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LETTERS

Containment or Liberation?

Frank Gregorsky has successfully shown that the foreign-policy center of gravity of the Democratic Party still lists to port ["Have the Democrats Come Back to Earth?" Feb. 28]. Furthermore, the sea-change in American foreign policy as a whole is far from an unqualified success, but this is not only the fault of the Democrats. The U.S. still lacks an overall foreign-policy strategy. Yes, it is good that we have finally come around to supporting freedom-fighters, but what is our long-term objective? Is the purpose of aid simply to apply pressure to the governments that the freedom-fighters oppose? Do we seek to bring the tyrants to the bargaining table in search of some mythical "negotiated settlement," or do we hope to liberate captive countries?

These questions must be answered and a grand strategy formulated before we start congratulating ourselves on a successful new foreign policy. We still lack a clear objective that will carry us beyond containment and into liberation.

Fred Hawkins
Jacksonville, Fla.

Freedom's Ring

Maybe this letter will be surprising for you, because I send it from a country under Communist rule. But I feel I should write it to say a few words.

A few days ago I read the special issue of NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 31], and I got to know that *NR* had its 30th anniversary. So I decided to write this letter to congratulate you and to say "thank you." I appreciate what I have found in your magazine. I had been reading some Western newspapers, e.g., *Time*, *Newsweek*, before I have found *NR*, but none of them was so interesting and so close to what I think myself.

It was a big joy for me when I learned that there are people in the West who have such healthy and wise views on the problems of liberty, human laws, politics, and economy. We in the East sometimes think the "free world" is egoistic, cowardly, materialistic, etc. But NATIONAL REVIEW made me think it is not the whole truth.

So thank you once more for what you write about Poland, about Afghanistan, about human laws and freedom.

Name Withheld
Cracow, Poland

But . . .

Joseph Sobran's "Pensées: Notes for the Reactionary of Tomorrow" [Dec. 31] is a superb work, a masterpiece such as only *NR* could ever be expected or even hoped to give its readers. But—isn't there always a "but"?—one small correction: He says, near the end of Chapter IV, "the scholar . . . has been displaced by the intellectual . . ." The word he should have used was *pseudo-intellectual.* The intellectual seeks knowledge, understanding, true perspectives, sound critical judgment; Joseph Sobran is an intellectual and should be proud of it. The pseudo-intellectual uses the trappings of intellectualism to support conclusions that have been arrived at by muddled or incomplete intellectual processes.

Kenneth Oliver
San Diego, Calif.

The Prussians Are Coming!

It is appropriate that Richard Brookhiser's article, "Rescuing the Military" [Feb. 14], was illustrated with a picture of Austro-Hungarian troops advancing into battle. Like the Habsburg Empire, the military-reform "movement" is far from homogeneous. Mr. Brookhiser is therefore to be complimented upon undertaking so ambitious a task as a survey of the principal ideas and personalities involved. The complexity of the issues leads, however, to a rather glib treatment of "Germanophilia" and to the question of an American "General Staff."

As might be expected, the Germanophiles among the reformers are among the staunchest supporters of the idea of an elite General Staff that would be responsible for strategic planning. The Germanophobes, who never cease to remind us that Germany is "0 for 2" in two World Wars, fear that the establishment of such a General Staff would lead to the emasculation of our Navy. While it is true that the Germanophiles tend to be interested more in ground combat and tactical aircraft than in either ships or ICBMs, the General Staff they advocate need not necessarily share their limited interests. We live in an age when no one service can fight a campaign alone. A General Staff trained to use all the weapons at its disposal is much more capable of directing a task force composed of elements from two or more services than a headquarters subor-

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"Murray...has finally and unanswerably demolished both the moral and the practical claims of the welfare state"

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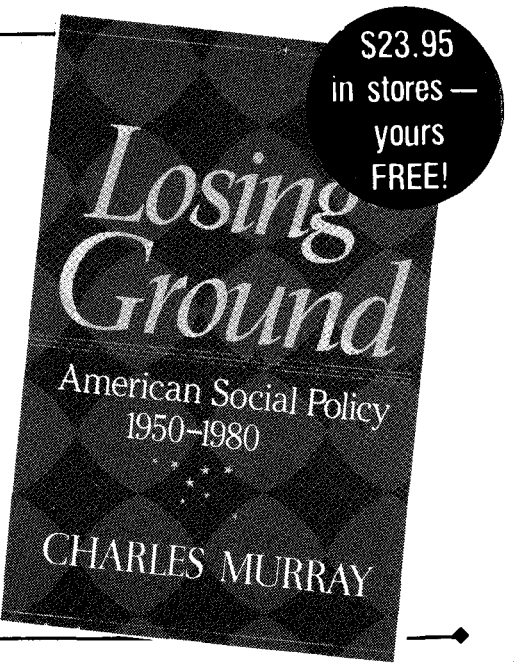

This breakthrough book is making conservatives purr and liberals squirm . . .

"Murray's book, relentlessly logical and well-documented, should convince any serious reader that it must at least be squarely faced. . . . The heart of the book, the best and most devastating part, is a long compilation of data meant to prove that the poor have done worse as government programs aimed at them have flowered. It is especially uncomfortable reading because the case is made by comparing blacks to whites. . . . No doubt that racists will love Murray's book. So what? When millions of people are suffering, it seems irresponsible for the left to expend its intellectual energies on these blame-shifting exercises. . . . his is a vision that coheres, as the left's on this subject doesn't any more. . . . This is the problem that liberals must address; Murray's book in effect throws down the gauntlet to them. The standard responses (most of which Murray neatly sets up and demolishes) won't do, because they don't offer real hope of a solution."—*New Republic*

"Irrefutable."—John Chamberlain, syndicated column

"Without bile and without rhetoric, it lays out a stark truth that must be faced."—*Business Week*

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"A great book. Others have recently made the same argument. . . . But Charles Murray's version . . . is particularly convincing. He writes with flair, but his tone is steadfastly nonpartisan; he marshals an immense amount of data . . . but never loses the reader in numbers; and he never ventures a conclusion for which he has not laid the most elaborate and convincing groundwork. . . . By the time Mr. Murray gets around to conclusions, even devotedly non-Reaganite yuppies will be ready to agree. . . . James Coleman, the University of Chicago sociologist, is quoted on the dust jacket . . . as saying 'future discussions of social policy cannot proceed without taking the arguments and evidence of this book into account.' Dust-jacket puffery is notorious, but in this case the compliment is, if anything, restrained. Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions well into the 1980s."—*Wall Street Journal*

"Murray unabashedly asserts that slashing social spending is the greatest favor the Government can bestow upon the poor. . . . Conservatives have made that argument before, but no one has documented it as thoroughly as Murray does."—*Time*

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dinate to a general or an admiral who has spent his career learning about only one service.

Bruce I. Gudmundsson
Medford, Mass.

Warring Tar Heels

Fred Mann's report on GOP senatorial politics in North Carolina ["Capital Bulletins," Feb. 14] leaves very much to be desired. At least once he makes a serious factual error: Representative James T. Broyhill was not the first Republican congressman to crack the Solid South in recent times. That honor—at least in North Carolina—belongs to Mr. Broyhill's colleague and neighbor, former Representative Charles R. Jonas of Charlotte.

Mann's attempt to portray Mr. Broyhill as a man with "a conservative voting record and the support of many important conservative leaders and groups" needs serious qualification. For instance, Broyhill voted with the National Taxpayers Union only 58 per cent of the time, *not* the 88 per cent Mr. Mann states. The "88" figure is a percentile comparing Broyhill to other members of Congress. According to the *Congressional Roll Call* (years 1976 to 1985) and Nellie J. Gray, president of the March for Life, Broyhill has voted *against* prolife legislation 75 per cent of the time. On the defense budget, food stamps, financial support of the United Nations, two United States senators for Washington, D.C., and family issues, he has at times voted against the perceivable conservative position. To call these things to the attention of North Carolina GOP voters is not "vicious," as Mr. Mann intimates, but healthy and necessary for the political process.

Representative Broyhill opposed Ronald Reagan's bid for the Presidency in 1976 and 1980. In his official announcement for the Senate he declared that his brand of conservatism doesn't want to "turn back the clock"—a catchphrase for those who actually are anti-conservative.

Dr. Boyd D. Cathey
Raleigh, N.C.

Immigration Recrimination

In "Just Another Wetback" [Feb. 14], K. E. Grubbs Jr. failed to tell the readers that America already has the most liberal immigration policy in the world—a policy that annually admits more immigrants and refugees than all of the other free-world nations combined.

By referring to Julian Simon's argument for more liberalized immigration laws on the grounds that in 1900 America admitted six times more immigrants than at present, Grubbs fails to tell the readers that our population is now twice what it was in 1900 and that unlimited numbers of jobs are no longer to be found. He also fails to remind the reader that in 1900 there was no welfare-on-demand to drain our treasury as it does today.

Grubbs also neglects to mention that every one million illegal aliens in the United States cost the American taxpayers $1.25 billion. Since no organization, government or private, is certain of the exact number of illegal aliens—estimates run from nine to 15 million—the cost to the already overburdened American taxpayers cannot be accurately determined or planned for.

Robert H. Goldsborough
Director of Legislation
Americans for Immigration Control
Washington, D.C.

K. E. Grubbs Jr. concludes his diatribe against what he calls "the anti-wetback brigade" of conservatives who want to conserve the cultural identity of their country with a proclamation of a "universal right to emigrate." If there is such a right—for which he offers no predicate—it implies a corresponding universal duty to accept immigrants. If all nations have a duty to accept all immigrants, then no

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nation has any right to protect its legal borders, to restrict its citizenship, or to define its identity as a nation. The result would be national suicide.

Samuel T. Francis
Alexandria, Va.

Light and Shadows

Wm. F. Rickenbacker's essay "Of Light" [Jan. 31] casts mostly shadows. He carelessly refers to "Everything that goes on inside the atom (i.e., everything in the world) . . ." when he really means everything *material* in the world. There is much *in* the world that is outside the atom.

It is crucial to distinguish the material from the spiritual. The physicist has a method for investigating the material aspect of reality, and that is all he can investigate. The religionist has ways of discerning spiritual reality: the realm of values, personality, truth, and spirit beings.

It is foolish for a believer to find balm in today's scientific theories, especially when those theories address issues like the origin and destiny of the universe, which only revelation can illuminate. There is a "true light which lights every man who comes into the world," but that is not the light the physicist studies. And nothing the physicist may discover can affect the truth known to the enlightened.

Daniel Love Glazer
Chicago, Ill.

Shlock and Roll

I was also a jazz pianist during the same era as Tom Garlock ["Notes & Asides," Dec. 13]—perhaps a few years younger. His thoughtful insights and conclusions on the rock culture parallel mine.

In response to Mr. Garlock, WFB states that he is still missing the point of "what it is that makes the music so hateful to so many who never could make out the lyrics, and so were unmoved by them."

May I suggest that there is a very distinct and direct correlation between one's musical frame of reference and the degree to which (most) rock music is so "hateful"; i.e., the broader one's frame of reference, the more hateful the music. As Mr. Garlock points out, it is arrogant and tasteless. People with discriminating tastes are instinctively repelled by these ugly sounds that hungry promoters have heaped upon three generations of youngsters. Part of our revulsion is that these same promoters continue to pass this garbage off as music.

Arthur Astorino
Cherry Hill, N.J.

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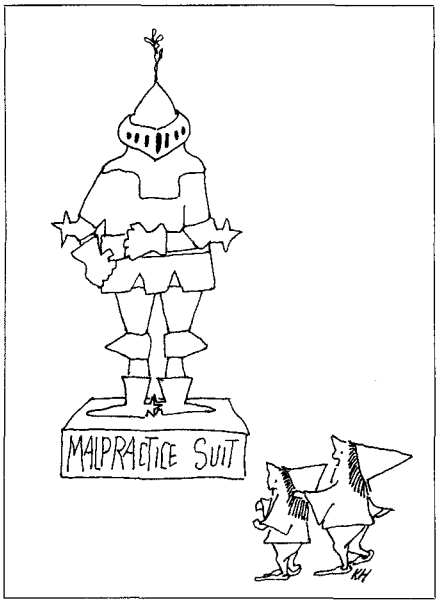
FOR THE RECORD

Paul Kirk, of Democratic National Committee, spent 1985 trying to put Humpty-Dumpty together again after blasting party took November '84. But while morale is up, finances are down. DNC reports it raised just $7 million in '85, down from $22 million in '84—which was, to be sure, a presidential year. Comments DNC spokesman **Terry Michael**: "When you come off a defeat that disastrous [loss of 49 states] you have what might be called in the business community 'investor reluctance.' ". . . House Democrats, meeting in Greenbrier, W. Va., were euphoric about prospects of increasing their House majority in November. Analyst **Kevin Phillips** left meeting unconvinced: "I have a sense," he says, "that Democrats are as confused and befuddled and divided as the Republicans were after 1964.". . . However, major pollsters (**Gallup**, **Harris**, **Yankelovitch**) conclude Republican popularity peaked early in 1985—i.e., at that time very nearly as many Americans identified themselves as Republicans as Democrats. Now the Dems lead by between eight and 13 points. . . . *Washington Post* columnist **Haynes Johnson** welcomes back 99th Congress, which he says, will, like it or not, face "the greatest political challenge yet." Its response to **Gramm-Rudman**, tax reform, defense outlays will decide whether "**Reagan**'s Presidency has brought . . . lasting political change or merely represents a correction in the government course Americans have favored throughout this century."

Four of the 11 GOP stalwarts who voted against forty-year-old genocide treaty are in for tough re-election battles this fall: Sens. **Denton** (Ala.), **Garn** (Utah), **Grassley** (Iowa), and **Symms** (Idaho). Some conservative objections were taken up in version Senate passed. World Court gets jurisdiction in U.S. cases *only* if Washington consents; nothing in the treaty will require the U.S. to take any action barred by the Constitution. . . . Also bad news for GOP incumbents. **Arthur Sindlinger** points out there is little prospect of eased recession this summer and fall in 28 states whose economies depend on the depressed oil and gas, farm and textile industries. In all 28, Republicans are running. . . . Kevin Phillips rates five Republican Senate seats as vulnerable or very vulnerable: Maryland and Nevada (**Mathias** and **Laxalt** retiring), Florida (**Hawkins**), Idaho (Symms), South Dakota (**Abdnor**); and three vulnerable and very vulnerable Democratic seats that are being vacated by **Russell Long** (La.), **Thomas Eagleton** (Mo.), and **Gary Hart** (Colo.). . . . Although excitement in California is on Republican side, where contenders for **Alan Cranston**'s seat grab the spotlight, Cranston is very vulnerable, says **Chris Kennedy** of the National Republican Senatorial Campaign. That is one of the five races the conference is targetting. Cranston may not be helped by latest ADA rating that shows him, and four other Democrats (**Tom Harkin**, Gary Hart, **Howard Metzenbaum**, and **Paul Sarbanes**) 100 per cent liberal-pure. Newest challenger in California is **Bill Allen**, a black conservative with an enthusiastic backing. . . . First significant senatorial primary will be in Illinois, March 18, pitting conservative **Judy Koehler** against moderate **George Ranney**, with Mrs. Koehler given the edge. But Democrat **Alan Dixon** will be hard to beat.



"Imagine trying to operate in that!"

Semantics: The word "*Contra*" has gone intercontinental. Soviet press now refers to Afghanistan freedom-fighters as "*Contras*," and in the States, the radical *Guardian* last week identified **Jonas Savimbi** as "the Angolan *Contra*." . . . **Josef Goebbels** could learn something from **Mikhail Gorbachev**. On Feb. 4, Gorbachev told the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* that there are no political prisoners in the Soviet Union. "We do not put people on trial for their convictions." . . . According to **Anatoly Shcharansky**, of the original one hundred members of the Soviet Helsinki Watch committee, fifty are in prison, labor camps, psychiatric hospitals, or internal exile; twenty have been released; twenty have emigrated. He doesn't know what happened to the rest. . . . In Geneva on Nov. 19, Gorbachev told ABC News: "The so-called problem of the Jews in the Soviet Union does not exist." Tell that to Shcharansky. . . . In Israel, when Shcharansky was asked if he would mute his anti-Soviet statements pending the emigration of other members of his family, he replied no. "As soon as Soviet authorities will see that I am more cautious because I don't want to make trouble for my relatives, my relatives would have no chance to leave the country." . . . **Konstantin Andrianov**, of the Soviet Olympic Committee, feels that Seoul, South Korea, was a bad choice for the 1988 Summer Olympics because, "Democratic freedoms are absent, as well as a peaceful and quiet atmosphere." . . . Frontline reports on the fighting in Afghanistan in *Pravda* are datelined: "With the Limited Contingent of Soviet Forces in Afghanistan."

Forgotten Man: Sen. **Fritz Hollings** quips that if **Bill Casey** ever wants to keep an agent under cover he ought to "get him to co-sponsor legislation with Gramm and Rudman."

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THE WEEK

☐ Four hundred and sixty-seven Mafiosi went on trial in Palermo, Sicily, last week, and not a single one of them is a Queens Democrat. Governor Mario Cuomo is expected to advise the Palermo judge that the Mafia does not exist.

☐ According to preliminary reports on investigations still under way, the explosion of the space shuttle was the result not of an act of God or of human error—but of institutional error. Morton Thiokol, the company that supplied the rubber sealing rings in the booster rocket whose failure seems to have caused the disaster, had doubts about the rings' ability to perform in cold weather. (Temperature at liftoff was in the thirties.) The manufacturers had passed their concerns on to NASA, but the information never reached those who had the authority to launch or not to launch. In Hayek's terms, the circulation of information was impeded. Typically in government, routine and bureaucracy are the great enemies of information flow. Government can execute certain kinds of tasks—D-Day, the Manhattan Project, designing the Stealth bomber—when it sets its mind to it. NASA operations should be of that character.

☐ The troubles of Representative Bobbi Fiedler (see "From Washington Straight," Feb. 28) are registering, in many nostrils, a very fishy smell. Mrs. Fiedler, the leading contender in the field of Republicans seeking to challenge Alan Cranston for his Senate seat this fall, was indicted for offering to pay the campaign debts of State Senator Ed Davis, in return for his dropping out of the race—an offense under California law (or so it was universally reported). Mrs. Fiedler's friends are now saying, cogently: The relevant law, nine decades old, has never before been invoked; the law is aimed at bribery, but campaign debts are private obligations; paying off opponents' debts is standard political procedure (two summers ago Walter Mondale and Gary Hart attended a great big bash in Beverly Hills to help retire George McGovern's debt, without exciting the interest of the district attorney); the grand jury that brought in this indictment contained an old political enemy of Mrs. Fiedler's; and the DA who is prosecuting her is a pal of Cranston's. Has California been studying the legal procedures of Edgartown, Massachusetts?

☐ DISMANTLING-THE-WELFARE-STATE NOTES. Federal welfare spending has risen from 15 per cent of GNP in 1970 and 17.9 per cent in 1979 to 19.4 per cent today. In other words, the trough keeps swallowing the taxpayer, in both relative and absolute dollars. Is one conservative Congress too much to ask?

☐ One of the most common arguments against the Administration's voucher plan is that the vouchers would be too small to pay for a poor child's private education. The truth is that in many of the inner cities where educational choice would do the most good, the value of the vouchers would far exceed the $635 average tuition of non-public elementary schools. In Buffalo, eligible students would receive $1,589 per year; in Washington, $983; in Cleveland, $934; in Miami, $809, according to Department of Education figures. Moreover, corresponding state funds could be voucherized as well. In most of the 16 states in which that could be most neatly done, the combined average worth of state and federal vouchers would be between $700 and $1,100. Of the 16, in only two, California and North Carolina, would the combined voucher fall below $635, though it would exceed that in some cities in those states. As Joseph Sobran points out elsewhere in this issue, in a country in which only 38 per cent of those who vote support children, social programs that truly benefit the young are rare. The Administration has come up with one and should fight for it.

☐ A funny thing happened to Lech Walesa on the

The Iacocca Novelty

I've gawked a bit at sights and sounds
As I pursue my daily rounds,
Since city tableaux often are
Unusual if not bizarre,
But even during Halloween
I think that I have never seen
A businessman in line to be
The Democratic nominee.

W. H. VON DREELE

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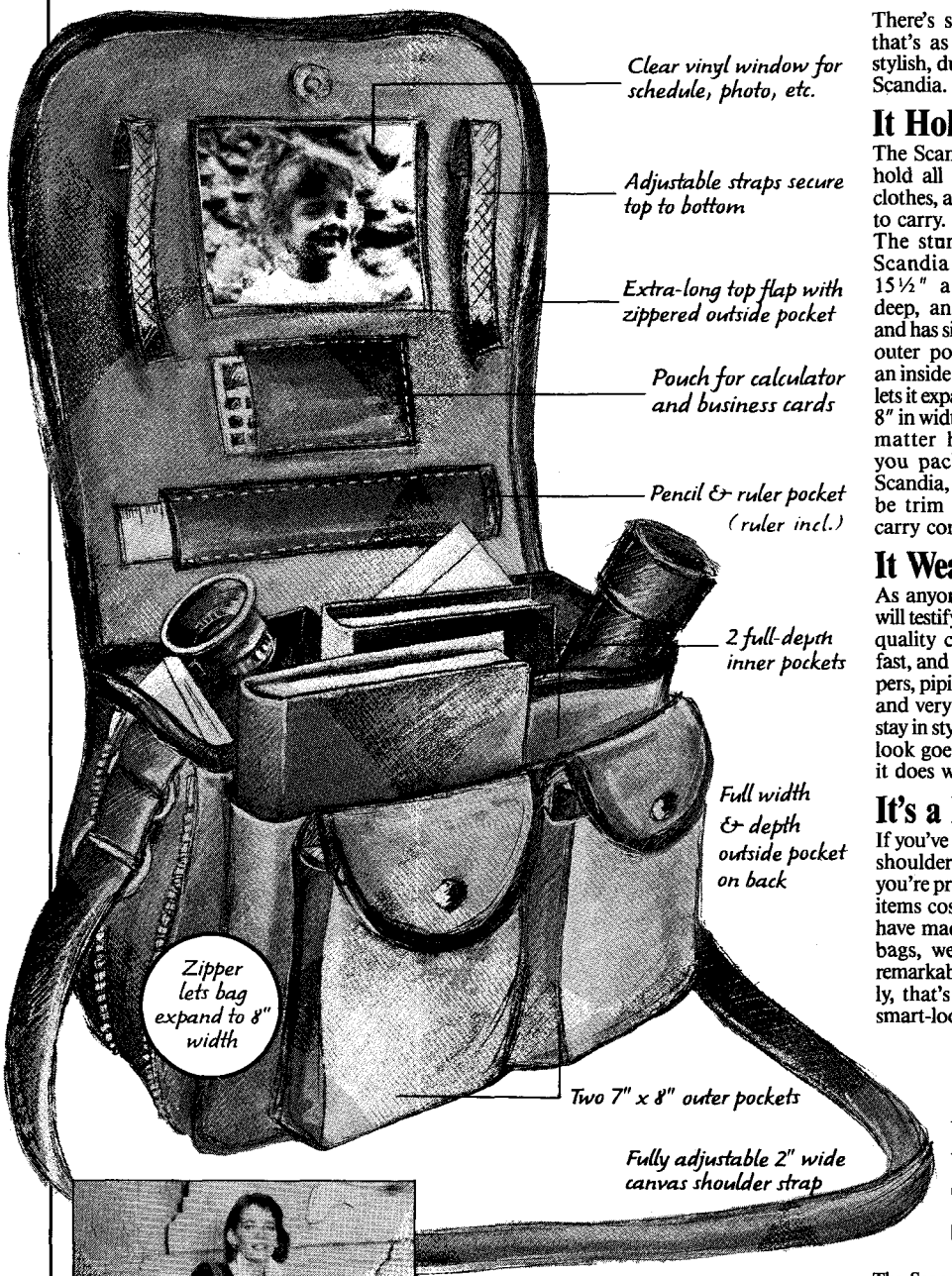
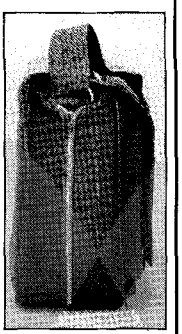
SCANDIA™: The Shoulder Bag That Has It All


Clear vinyl window for schedule, photo, etc.
Adjustable straps secure top to bottom
Extra-long top flap with zippered outside pocket
Pouch for calculator and business cards
Pencil & ruler pocket (ruler incl.)
2 full-depth inner pockets
Full width & depth outside pocket on back
Zipper lets bag expand to 8" width
Two 7" x 8" outer pockets
Fully adjustable 2" wide canvas shoulder strap

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as roomy, lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable—and affordable—as the Scandia.

It Holds Everything...

The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment, clothes, and sundries you could ever need to carry.



The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 15½" across, 11" deep, and 4" wide, and has six inner and outer pockets, plus an inside zipper that lets it expand to a full 8" in width. And, no matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

It Wears Well...

As anyone who's ever owned a Scandia will testify, this bag lasts for years. Its high-quality canvas is water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. The heavy duty zippers, piping, and snaps are also well-made and very durable. And the Scandia will stay in style for years; its handsome, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater.

It's a Remarkable Bargain.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we have made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkable low price of $29.95 each. Surely, that's a tiny price for a big capacity smart-looking bag that will last for years.

A $59.95 Value

NOW ONLY

$29.95

The Scandia is available in six colors: Gray, Black, Dark Blue, Khaki, Brown and Mauve.

AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY

The Scandia will stay in style for years; its handsome, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THIS YEAR the defense-budget cutting blade could finally start scraping the bone of the Reagan Administration's strategic-force modernization plans, especially if Pentagon spending is marked at a level short of 3 per cent growth. Just when the next generation of nuclear-weapons systems (Midgetman, Stealth Advanced Technology Bomber, Trident II SLBMs) is nearing the critical transition from research to full-scale engineering and Star Wars research is heating up, there's not enough money to go around for all.

"Anyway you play it out, the defense budget is going to be less in '87 than in '86," says Representative Les Aspin (D., Wisc.), chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, "and maybe critically less." Aspin predicts that defense will take 50 per cent of all budget cuts, with or without the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings automatic cleaver. Last year's $19-billion slice out of the Administration's defense proposal used up what's left of the obvious stretch-outs in procurement and hidden windfalls from inflation re-estimates. For the first time in the Reagan years, the big-ticket weapons systems will be under pressure.

The likeliest first loser will be the Midgetman, the small and mobile single-warhead ICBM that in 1983 sealed the Scowcroft Commission deal between President Reagan and Congress. Look for it soon to be cast in the role that the dear departed MX used to play: whipping boy for those who love research projects, but tear deployable weapons to pieces.

Recall that moderate Democrats like Aspin swallowed hard on a limited deployment of MX missiles in exchange for development of the "small is beautiful" Midgetman, plus Administration promises to strain for arms control at Geneva. Now that the MX successor moves from vague idea to concrete reality, critics say it's too small, too costly, and ineffective. Some critics are trashing Midgetman simply because they don't have MX to kick around any more. But not all opponents are dovish or unenlightened. Senator Pete Wilson (R., Calif.), for example, objects to the "too small" Midgetman for three reasons.

1) *Inefficiency*. Midgetman's congressionally mandated weight limit of 33,000 pounds (thus denying Pentagon engineers the option of overloading it with features that would limit its mobility and let it grow into another MX) means the missile cannot carry the penetration aids that would get it past likely Soviet defenses of the future. "Devotees of smallness," says Wilson, "are practicing missile anorexia nervosa, clinging desperately to this underweight missile." Look for the weight restriction to start drifting upward: A study by the Air Force confirms that only a shockingly low number (one out of five) could successfully deliver the nuclear mail to Moscow. 2) *A low-bang-per-buck ratio*. Five hundred single-warhead Midgetman missiles will cost $44 billion, says the GAO. But putting three warheads on each Midgetman, says Wilson, could deliver the same total number of warheads (five hundred), with no loss in mobility, at half the price ($22 billion). 3) *Budget tradeoffs*. In this era of tightened Pentagon budgets, that saved $22 billion could then be invested in far more valuable items like Trident, ATB, and SDI.

As an alternative, Wilson is pushing a three-warhead Midgetman. "It's just as mobile and just as survivable," he claims, "but more effective and more affordable—that's key." This tripling of warheads isn't likely to go down well with pre-arms-control Democrats, like Aspin, who believe that as a first-strike target, a single warhead mobile ICBM is less tempting, and thus would stimulate arms reduction. What about the Administration's November proposal at Geneva to "ban" all mobile missiles? "Window dressing," says a top House Armed Services staffer.

In the competition for long-term strategic-weapons funding, how does Midgetman stack up? Trident II is nearly everybody's darling. The Stealth bomber (ATB), soon to emerge from the secret "black" arcanum of the budget, is beginning to draw criticism that it's far too costly (one guess, $70 billion for the package) and may not work (Soviet radar will search out the slow-flying planes). Not everyone agrees on this, however. "What you hear and what you read on Stealth is just not credible," assures a top Defense source. "Armed Services Committee members feel good about it," notably Georgia Senator Sam Nunn.

"No one's going to be willing to take an entire weapons system off the pile," predicts a Hill insider. But look for no expansion of MX and B-1 production beyond previously settled limits, and the slowing of the pace of Stealth ($1.7 billion in '87), plus more serious delays in Midgetman. If the latter starts to bleed under criticism, it might hemorrhage. —CATO

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way to the Gulag: All charges were dropped. He had been brought to trial for slandering the state (he'd have to be pretty foulmouthed to achieve *that*) by expressing doubt as to the accuracy of its figures in last October's election turnout. But Communist officials were worried about foreign reaction, Poland being in need, as usual, of foreign currency and credit, and reasoned what the heck. Walesa himself didn't appear worried. He showed up in court wearing a sweater that read "God and Fatherland," with an illegal Solidarity button and a small likeness of the Madonna of Czestochowa, and sat in the dock working on a crossword puzzle. The prosecutor tried, over six hours, to get him to make at least a little tiny apology, but he wouldn't and the judge finally tossed the case out. Like Anatoly Shcharansky, Walesa has a power base. It forced a totalitarian system to yield. Thus are free institutions born.

☐ Cops and robbers: Soviet diplomat Viktor Gumdarev, attached to the commercial mission at the Soviet Embassy in Athens, disappears, along with his eight-year-old son and the son's Soviet nurse, who turns out to be a KGB officer. He is rumored to have sought asylum at the U.S. Embassy. Late one Saturday night, a strange car parked opposite the U.S. Embassy attracts the attention of the Athens police. The car takes off. The police chase it at high speed

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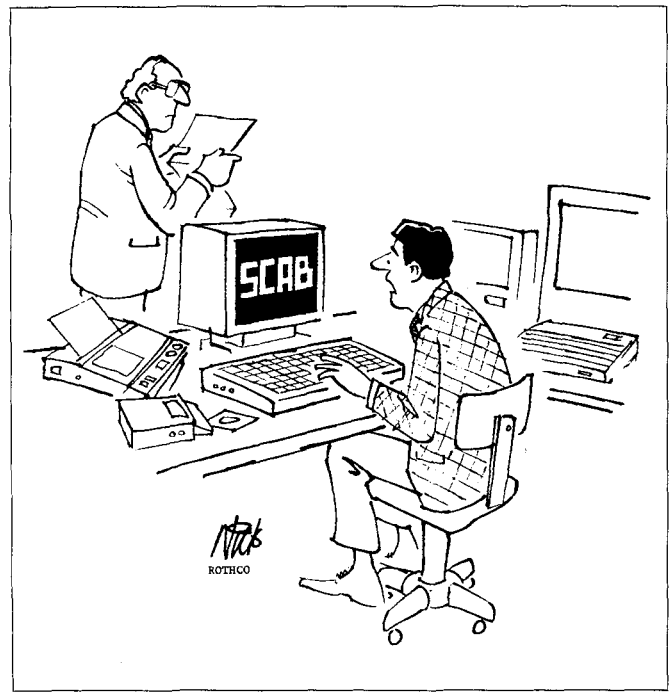
through a residential neighborhood and finally run it down. Out come: the Third Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, a TASS correspondent, two embassy chauffeurs. Two guns are found in the car. All they were doing, they tell the police, was looking for a *taverna*, none of which would have been open at 2:00 A.M. of a Saturday morning in that area. They claim diplomatic immunity, and are released. Looks like another Red pigeon is ready to sing. This is the third Iron Curtain defection in Athens in six months.

☐ Although everyone else seems to have forgotten about Miroslav Medvid, the Ukrainian sailor whose defection attempt was botched by American immigration officials, the Soviet Union has not. TASS has published an "interview" with the seaman which explains that he had not tried to jump ship, but rather was "inspecting deck lamps and accidentally fell overboard." Regarding the sailor's fate, TASS reported that Medvid had been returned to the Soviet Union, where he was given "medical treatment in a clinic . . . and is preparing to enter an institute." Considering that Medvid was under the influence of strong psychoactive drugs during his second interview with U.S. officials and that he is now most probably incarcerated in a psychiatric hospital, that part, at least, contains a grain of truth.

☐ When Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media inaugurated Accuracy in Academia (AIA), a parallel operation to cover the campuses, liberals reacted as if it intended to be the Ministry of Truth. *NR* took note of the hyperbole, while cautioning that Irvine's venture would have to be "tolerant of speculation and intellectual risk-taking." So far, AIA's newsletter, *Campus Report*, shows no disposition to take smoke for fire. The second number leads with an article on *The Collapse of the Weimar Republic*, a book by a Princeton professor, a Marxist, that has been attacked by other historians for mangling quotations (and defended, by fellow Marxists, for being true, if not factual). The squabble has hit the academic journals, and *The New York Review of Books*. *Campus Report*'s account is careful and detailed. There's another piece on a birdie professor in New Jersey who took twenty kids to Nicaragua to harvest coffee during winter break—also a sober treatment. Another on a lecturer at the University of Mexico who renounced her citizenship in the Sixties, camped out in Cuba, and wore a ring made from a U.S. plane shot down over Vietnam (she has visa trouble, and the president of the school is intervening on her behalf). No Nietzsches or Rimbauds have had their toes trod on yet, that we can see.



Nick, *Punch* / Rothco

"Oh Lord—it seems we're on strike again."

☐ Teddy Kennedy visited Moscow recently, where his clan has almost reached personality-cult status. *The Burden of Decision*, a one-act play about John and Bobby and the Cuban Missile Crisis, had just opened; *The Kennedy Brothers*, a new book co-written by Anatoly Gromyko, the ubiquitous son of old stone face, was calling Teddy "a counterweight to the Reagan Administration"; and they even let the senator appear on Soviet television. Teddy returned with the usual blather about Gorbachev, who is "cordial, friendly . . . cheerful, energetic, and knowledgeable," and warned how we should bridge the gap between our two countries, and not sink the chances for a nuclear freeze or plunge ourselves into an unnecessary arms race.

☐ Guess we missed the *New York Times* editorial condemning the Philippine bishops' breach of the wall of separation between church and state.

☐ Elbow benders in the Granite State saw the price of a martini go up to $30 and the cost of a beer reach $14 during the "Great New Hampshire Unhappy Hour," when bar keeps raised their prices to publicize soaring liquor liability costs. Ever since bars have been held responsible for the misdeeds of their pa-

I'll Light a Candle

If Professor Laffer's right,
Crude oil's falling out of sight
Means the deficit could be
Just a fleeting memory
As we wiggle toward the light.
If Professor Laffer's right.

W. H. VON DREELE

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trons, liability insurance rates have gone up as much as 2,000 per cent, which is enough to drive one to drink.

☐ True hockey fans can now get the genuine article. Videocassettes have come on the market showing the best of NHL violence, with the hockey carefully edited out.

The Philippine Mess

THROUGH THE smoke and fog of the recent presidential election in the Philippines it is essential to discern just where the United States' interests lie. We need stability in that nation of sixty million for reasons that go far beyond the two large U.S. bases there.

Geopolitically, the Philippines possess enormous strategic importance. To their north lie China, Taiwan, Korea, Japan; to their west, Vietnam, with the major Soviet base at Cam Ranh Bay; to their south, Malaysia. U.S. trade with the nations of this region, the Pacific rim, already exceeds our trade with Europe. Economically the region possesses spectacular dynamism; but its defenses are skimpy, and there is no regional equivalent of NATO. The Soviets would be delighted to take over Clark Field and Subic Bay and see the New People's Army bring the islands within the world socialist system.

Senator Richard Lugar, a level-headed Midwestern Republican, observed the election and reported directly to President Reagan. Lugar believes that Mrs. Aquino won the election with perhaps 60 per cent of the vote but that Marcos was able to steal it. The Philippine Catholic bishops agree. In a forthcoming article in *NR*, another competent observer, Max Singer, a former president of the Hudson Institute, argues forcefully that Marcos in fact did gain a majority.

There are many things Marcos is not. He is not a right-wing dictator. If he were a dictator, he would have come in with the usual 97 per cent of the vote. He is a populist and a land redistributor. He and his cronies undoubtedly have enriched themselves corruptly—though not on anything like the scale of a Mexican president. Under Marcos, the army has become soft and corrupt.

Whether she won or lost, Mrs. Aquino did demonstrate, spectacularly, Marcos's political weakness. After all, she was a spirited but implausible candidate, her only strength lying in the fact that she was not Ferdinand Marcos. Her showing as a protest candidate must have set a record for that genre: For example, she did far better than Gene McCarthy did against LBJ in 1968 in New Hampshire, and Lyndon Johnson understood the meaning of McCarthy's showing. He got out.

Under the present circumstances, Congress is unlikely to support the sort of economic aid that a Philippine revival requires.

Vice President Arturo Tolentino, one of the most respected political figures in the Philippines, was obviously selected by Marcos as his successor. From a U.S. standpoint, the sooner this transition takes place the better; and perhaps we can quietly help it along. Corazon Aquino does not have to be president; she has already succeeded in her mission of hastening the post-Marcos era, and she has earned herself an important niche in political history.

Who Makes Foreign Policy Anyway?

THE REAGAN Administration wants to roll back the outer reaches of the Soviet Empire by supporting anti-Communist resistance groups. It has been stalled not by Congress, which has given the rollback strategy unexpected support, but by the State Department. In Afghanistan, for instance, Congress has been at least as willing as the President to support the Mujahedin. The State Department, however, has actually lobbied against increased aid. As for funds already appropriated, according to Senator Gordon Humphrey, a point man on this issue, State "has been cruelly slow in making funds available. . . . We pounded on their door and rang their phones week after week, just to get them to spend the paltry amounts we appropriated." In one specific instance, Congress voted funds for an American volunteer medical group's efforts to treat the wounded in Afghanistan. According to a recent Heritage Foundation report, State held up the group's money until it promised not to send any Americans into Afghanistan, in part out of fear of adverse Soviet propaganda.

Jonas Savimbi's Angolan anti-Communist force, UNITA, currently represents rollback's best chance. Yet for the State Department, "all" major U.S. goals in southern Africa center "on South Africa's morally abhorrent policy of apartheid." State did not actively support the successful congressional effort to repeal the Clark Amendment, which forbade U.S. aid to UNITA. Once it was repealed, State actively opposed efforts to send aid, with Secretary Shultz sending a confidential, if now famous, letter to GOP Minority Leader Robert Michel asking him to derail aid legislation. Now, after long delay, the White House has prevailed over State's resistance and will begin to aid Savimbi militarily. State will undoubtedly try to block or cut back this effort.

Congress has voted $5 million in aid to Cambodian resistance groups. State resisted the aid bill and has invoked technicalities to delay spending the money. In Mozambique, far from supporting the anti-Communist

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resistance group, Renamo, State has asked Congress to send millions in aid to the Soviet-backed regime of Samora Machel. It has even asked the British government to help train Machel's troops. State argues that it can "woo" Machel away from the Soviets even though the *New York Times* calls Machel "an avowed Marxist-Leninist whose country's voting record at the United Nations is, from the American point of view, one of the worst." On Nicaragua, State's public statements have supported the pretensions of the Contadora process, a cycle of negotiations conducted under the conceit that it is possible to talk Communists into surrendering power.

Examples could be multiplied but the pattern is clear. Cautious careerists at State are resisting Administration policy, a serious charge indeed when foreign affairs are at issue. That picture is complicated, however, by a Secretary of State who appears to have been captured by the careerist mentality, but as the President's representative cannot be regarded as insubordinate as long as the President doesn't think he is. If the President is serious about supporting freedom-fighters he must get his own people in line.

Dumping Iacocca

Lee Iacocca's comment that his firing was "almost un-American" was all too typical of a man who is a legend in his own mind. But though it was not unpleasant to see him taken down a peg after his years of high-profile basking in the taxpayers' rescue of his company, it is not obvious that his dismissal was prudent or justified. The Reagan Administration is rightly proud of the fact that all the money for the Statue of Liberty/Ellis Island restoration was raised by private contributions to the private foundation still chaired by Mr. Iacocca. The people were doing this one themselves. That is, until it came time to spend the money. Then the government decided that its plans for the Ellis Island restoration must prevail over Mr. Iacocca's. The government says, with some justification, that Mr. Iacocca's plans were vulgar. But Mr. Iacocca was not the only man on the commission; discussion and compromise might have pruned away the worst vulgarities. The government was simply unwilling to trust the private citizens who had raised nearly $300 million for the restoration. Mr. Iacocca is one egotist, but the government has been a snob and a bully. Governor Mario Cuomo will no doubt have a darker interpretation of all this.

Mrs. Thatcher's Winning This One

It has been said that there is only one union more powerful than a British newspaper union, and that is the Soviet Union. Which is why Rupert Murdoch's current struggle has such epic overtones. The Australian magnate has just shut down the printing operations of his four papers on Fleet Street and moved their output to a new plant in Wapping, East London. By introducing new (actually ten years old) technology the unions had resisted, he has managed to replace five thousand old-line unionists with a mere five hundred new workers.

The idea of overstaffing a workplace by a factor of ten must seem strange to Americans, even New Yorkers. But the Fleet Street unionists are less like ordinary workers than like a band of Visigoth raiders who have seized a strong point on a busy river. Their activity is almost wholly coercive rather than productive: An American union may receive a "wage premium," but in Fleet Street the wage has been swallowed up by the premium, so that almost all earnings derive not from doing work but from the power to prevent others from doing it.

Union control of British newspapers has been more than just economic. When publishers try to bring their case to the public, union workers often refuse to handle the offending editorials, so that blank spaces are left on the page like bombed-out building lots as testimony to the union's power.

Murdoch's daring steps seem to be working, however, and several factors are working in his favor. First, computerization makes publishing technology more mobile, allowing work literally to escape the unions' grip. No longer need writing and printing take

Mac, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"You were supposed to swap Shcharansky for one of our spies, Oleg!"

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place within a few blocks of each other. Second, Murdoch has found one union, the electricians, that has taken a moderate line toward mechanical progress, and is defying the strike calls of other unions.

Third, as the coal strike showed last year, British law is no longer powerless to tame union excesses. The crucial elements of Margaret Thatcher's legislation include a ban, picked up from American law, on "secondary action" (as when shop workers refuse to handle goods produced by non-union manufacturers). Some observers defend a right to secondary action as an aspect of freedom of contract, but the British unions have given it a bad name by their ruthless application in extreme cases. Another provision of the Thatcher law allows the government to sequester the assets of a union that defies a court order. When the major Murdoch union refused to allow its wholesale members to handle Murdoch papers, the government froze its entire £17-million bankroll, disbursing money as needed to pay the office rent and so forth. This drastic measure is understandable more as a help in eyeball-to-eyeball power confrontations than as a desirable feature of every-day labor negotiations.

Finally, and most important, Mrs. Thatcher has mustered effective police protection: Persons who want to enter and leave struck plants can now do so without fear of bodily injury. In the U.S., workers often go unprotected from picket-line violence when local officials and governors are unwilling to offend unions. There are several bills in Congress that would place workers' rights on a firmer federal footing, but liberal lawmakers have been bottling them up for years.

Human Rights for Sale

AT THE CURRENT rate of exchange, the Soviets can afford to have, oh, twenty thousand agents arrested in the West. This figure is based on the Shcharansky case. Anatoly Shcharansky himself estimates there are about that number of political prisoners in the USSR, and since we release Soviet spies in return for the release of Soviet political prisoners, *voilà*.

Shcharansky's release is a happy ending to what had been a disheartening story. His humor nearly upstages his courage, and his wife's devotion is beyond praise. But the happy ending is strictly personal. It behooves us to bear a few facts in mind:

—Between ten thousand and thirty thousand other Jews have been refused permission to emigrate from the Soviet Union; the government of Israel says 400,000 Jews would like to leave.

—The *New York Times* reports that as many as thirty thousand Pentecostals want to emigrate too. It is impossible to calculate the total number of captive Soviet "citizens" who would like to get out.

—Shcharansky's release is a tribute not only to his and his wife's fortitude but to the agitation, publicity, and pressure of the entire Jewish community. No comparable pressure for Christians under Communism is being exerted by the international Christian community, even though there is no shortage of clergymen to "speak out" on behalf of myriad Communoid causes.

—Shcharansky's specific offense against Soviet legality was to work for Soviet compliance with the 1975 Helsinki Accords, one of those parchment triumphs that won Henry Kissinger his reputation as a master diplomat. We submit that diplomatic honors should be reserved in the future not for those who induce the Soviets to *make* promises, but for those who can get them to *keep* them. So far the only treaty the Soviets have failed to violate was the 1939 Hitler-Stalin pact, and that was due to an unforeseen abridgment of the time frame in 1941.

—The Soviets don't exactly have a phobia about bad publicity, and they don't mind tormenting even dissidents who receive worldwide attention. Andrei Sakharov has just smuggled to the West a letter describing KGB efforts to break his 1984 hunger strike: The secret police at times pried open his jaw to force-feed him, forced a tube through his nose for the same purpose, fed him intravenously (and also shot him up with mind-warping chemicals), or simply clamped his nose shut and force-fed him when he opened his mouth to breathe.

It is not necessarily in the national interest of the United States to pay ransom to the Soviets to give their subjects what we used to think of as inalienable rights. At Helsinki we sank to the absurdity of accepting an empty promise to observe those rights in exchange for our acceptance of their earlier violations of the rights of Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, and Rumanians. It's strange foreign policy to buy back retail what the Soviets have taken wholesale. And when they make a profit on the deal, we can hardly call it a triumph of human rights.

Democracy in Haiti?

THE DICTATOR is gone, all Haitians are happy. Duvalier *est mort*; *vive*—what?

Without wishing to diminish the joy Haitians feel at the demise of a cruel and incompetent regime, one may reasonably raise a pair of points. The first is directed at the bards of democracy. Democracy is not the cure for every crisis, still less in a society as primitive as Haiti's. Hitler and Perón both came to power in elections once upon a time. Papa Doc Duvalier himself won an election back in 1957. A vote that brings in weaklings or despots may be worse than no vote at all.

The second point is that freedom and order, which are what Haiti really needs, don't come cheaply. The job of establishing them is ultimately a social enterprise, and Haiti's social material is not good. Haiti

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has been independent since 1804, and it has suffered 182 years of oppression and bloodshed. A country's political culture can change. Defeat and Douglas MacArthur transformed Japan; the tranquil Swiss, as recently as the last century, fought a civil war. But it takes hard work—harder than American editorialists, and happy Haitians, seem to realize. Meanwhile, America should give all the help it can (how about old Army field hospitals, for starters?). Haiti needs it.

The Scorecard in Chad

THE DUSTY African country of Chad may be the most war-weary country in the world. For twenty years the Moslem north has been at war with the Christians and the Animists who live in the south and control the capital city of N'Djamena. For more than five years now, the madman of Africa, Colonel Qaddafi of Libya, has been meddling in the melee, sending troops and supplies to the rebels in the north in keeping with his grand vision of a Moslem North Africa united under Tripolitan rule.

Qaddafi's minions are at it again, assisting a rebel drive toward the south that has forced France to undertake bombing raids and send war matériel to the government of President Hissen Habré, in accordance with the terms of a French agreement not to let rebel forces cross below the 16th parallel.

Who wins and who loses in this latest round of Hobbesian conflict in northern Africa? Our scorecard of events reads as follows:

Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi: A winner, alas. Even if the rebel forces are ultimately repulsed, as seems likely, Qaddafi will have succeeded once again in striking fear into the hearts of his neighbors. Helpless to do anything about the U.S. carrier task forces off his coast in the Mediterranean, Qaddafi polishes his credentials as a bully and shores up domestic political support by a low-risk thrust toward the south. The man, like Hitler, is one of those rare mutants who combine a warped mind with an uncanny sense of strategy and timing.

President François Mitterrand: A winner by popular acclaim. Mitterrand's order to bomb rebel airfields in support of the Habré government was an immensely popular move in France, where Gaullism is alive and well even under a Socialist ruling party. Mitterrand's decision derived, of course, from the purist of patriotic motives, which swelled up in his heart a convenient four weeks prior to parliamentary elections that will be crucial to the long-term fate of the Socialists in France.

The Soviet Union: Call it a draw. Soviet-supplied SAM missiles failed to prevent the French bombing raid. The USSR's open support of Qaddafi, moreover, will win it few friends in Africa outside the unstable colonel himself. But the leadership in the Kremlin operates on the Leninist assumption of "the worse the better," and almost invariably encourages instability and strife as steppingstones to pro-Soviet revolution. We have not yet heard the last of Soviet SAMs in northern Africa.

The People of Chad: The real losers. In a country with an average life expectancy of 42 years, the last thing anyone needed was a heating up of the civil war. Life was solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short enough as it was. But in the words of a journalist who covered a similar civil war in Nigeria two decades ago, "The big men quarrel, and the little men die."

He's Getting Serious

When Mr. Cuomo quoted saints,
  Nobody blinked an eye,
And when he noshed in Texas, few
  Took time to wonder why.
But when he turned to Honest Abe
  In holy Illinois,
I realized the time had come
  To search out and destroy.

W. H. VON DREELE

Getting Particular

WILLIAM BENNETT, the Secretary of Education, sometimes makes one furtively glad there *is* a Department of Education. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends, the poet says, and the liberal community knows it definitely doesn't have a friend in Bennett.

Last August he delivered a speech to the Knights of Columbus in praise of the Judaeo-Christian tradition, arguing that America makes sense only as an extension of that tradition, and adding a word in defense of school prayer. The speech was instantly and angrily dubbed Bennett's "school-prayer speech."

More recently he has attacked bilingual education —not as originally conceived, but as perverted in actual practice. Instead of inducting children into the mainstream, bilingualism has functioned to keep them out, just as, in Harry Jaffa's phrase, the poverty program has ceased being a safety net under the poor and has become a lid to prevent their rising.

Bennett's speeches on these issues have been combative. But they have also managed to be thoughtful and subtle. He is developing a position that merits intellectual attention and that, coming from the head of a large bureaucracy, is remarkable for its philosophical depth.

Roughly, that position is as follows. American culture is impoverished, not enriched, when it is neutered.

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It has a particular core: Christianity, Judaism, the English language. It can be hospitable to other elements too, as long as its native elements are respected, but native Americans (not to be confused with Indians) can't be treated as strangers in their own house; the very idea of hospitality presupposes ownership.

All of which is certain to drive liberals wild—and naturally so, since liberalism has become compulsively hostile to everything that is native to America and the West. It despises Christianity (and Judaism), apotheosizes the Third World, and regards America as the focus of evil in the modern world. The project of recent liberalism has been to make the West feel guilty about its distinguishing features and engage in moral, political, military, and economic self-annihilation. Bennett is attacking this attitude at its roots. He thinks that the way to improve America is to make it more American. He is making, one might say, the conservative affirmation.

Counter-Revolution At Dartmouth, Continued

YOU MAY HAVE noticed that Dartmouth College has once again been appearing in the major media: *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *New York Times*, *McNeil-Lehrer*, *Crossfire*, CBS, NBC, ABC, and on and on. The reason for all this is clear. Dartmouth is the only major college in the nation that possesses an organized body of student conservatives who are prepared to say no to the college's slide into leftist inanity.

The president of Dartmouth is a decent and intelligent man who is utterly intimidated by a faculty that delights in playing symbolic political games. With absolutely zero influence in the politics of the real world, these faculty leftists wish to turn the campus into a hermetically sealed leftist sandbox, replete with endless discussions of racism, sexism, socialism, homophobia, nuclear freeze, and blah, blah, blah. As Benjamin Hart said in his book, *Poisoned Ivy*, the campus rioters of the Sixties are today's tenured faculty.

The anti-apartheid "shanties" on the Dartmouth green, there since November, were exactly what the Dartmouth faculty leftists delight in. The street-theater had no chance of having any effect in South Africa itself. The shanties are cost-free to the faculty. Perhaps above all, they are ugly—an affront to a beautiful campus and its despised bourgeois conservative alumni. The Dartmouth president has been trying to ward off a no-confidence vote by the faculty. This was because he had restored ROTC to the campus last year (students wanted it, the faculty Left did not, another "symbolic" issue). Apparently he did not dare turn the shanties over to the garbage men. (One of them, in fact, has now been negotiated over to the new Hood art museum, to be regarded among the Renoirs as a work of art. Another, at college expense, is located on a flat truck and is to be exhibited at any local high school that desires to gaze upon it.) The president agreed to plant a tree in the middle of the campus to commemorate the sacred shanties. He and the dean of the college linked arms and sang "We Shall Overcome" with student and faculty shanty partisans.

But one night, 12 conservative students partially dismantled the shanties and, as they should have known, were lynched by the college. The chairperson of the college disciplinary committee is a vindictive feminist of the most extreme character. A senior member of the committee is well to the left of Daniel Ortega. The "trial," if it can be called that, was a crude replay of *Breaker Morant*. A shockingly severe penalty was handed down to satisfy political and personal considerations.

Ten *Dartmouth Review* staffers were among the dismantlers. Shortly before the hearing Dean Alex McCormick proclaimed the *Review* students guilty of "self-righteous judgment." He himself had been part of a mob of campus leftists who yelled obscenities at *Review* managing editor Deborah Stone on the college green. Professor Bernie Segal observed that all *Review* staffers were "evil." One student confided to a friend, before any evidence was introduced, that he couldn't wait to expel the *Review* staffers. These three served on the judiciary committee but refused to step down despite claims that they lacked objectivity. In fact, nearly all procedural objections made by the counsels of the 12 students were denied.

Whatever you think of the wisdom of toppling the shanties, the penalty imposed on the students was absurd, especially in view of previous leniency toward students who had erected the shanties and who also occupied the president's office.

No one associated with the shanties or with the occupation of the administration building has yet been disciplined by the college. Four of the conservative students have been suspended for two years. Eight others have been suspended for lesser periods. They have appealed the decision to the president and are preparing heavy law suits. *We*, as a matter of fact, shall overcome Dartmouth's mindless leftism.

—LAURA INGRAHAM

NOTES & ASIDES

Notes from a Dark Horse

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Ten years ago I wrote you a letter in which I accused you of alienating the quondam affections of my wife: I had reported finding a picture of you tucked

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tenderly among those garments women wear to enclose their raptures.

Later I learned that I had erred; it was really a picture of me. But jealousy, the kind that arises daily in the happy American home, distorted the eyeball. And all because I had improperly misclassified her sneeze for a sigh that she emitted during one of your exhibitions.

Frankly I was envious of your success: You had managed to convert a sneeze into a sigh right in front of the eyeballs. But in the intervening years, as they sailed untumultuously by, I have bit the lower lip and set the hat toward other kingdoms, one of which is detailed on the accompanying pages.

I hope you'll do me the courtesy of reading them with rapt attention. After all, that is what I accorded you for twenty years, after which period of penance the Lord tapped me on the head and suggested I move here to Mexico, out of range of your signal.

Sincerely
Gerard J. McDonnell
Guadalajara, Mexico

The President
The White House
Mr. President:

I expect to announce in December 1986 that I will be a Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States of America.

Permit me to introduce myself:

I am a member of that distinguished and powerful U.S. Irish Catholic aggregate of relatives dubbed by John Corry as *The Golden Clan*, and known most generally as the Murrays and McDonnells. By marriage, their names have been converted into other family names, richer and more powerful still than the original families. I estimate that there are roughly three hundred persons who make up this clan.

I have lived in Mexico two years, residing currently in Guadalajara.

I am widely educated: English-major graduate from Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. (where I was editor, *Literary Journal*, and where I won the university awards in Latin scholarship and debating), an MA in speech and drama from Catholic University, an MA in psychology from Fordham University, and one year toward a doctorate in psychology at Yale. I have, additionally, a certificate of studies from the University of Texas, the University of Notre Dame, and I attended classes in psychology and philosophy at the University of Paris (the Sorbonne).

My jobs have included: newspaper reporter, theatrical play reader for large NYC investor, production assistant for commercial movies, research assistant in Yale University Psychology Department as well as in the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies, research editor at McDonnell & Co., a large NYC Stock Exchange firm, and analyst of educational publishing companies.

I expect my book, *It Is Intolerable that . . .*, to be completed and in the mail for publisher comment by the end of December 1985, a second draft completed by the end of April 1986, and the whole manuscript, revised and proofed, ready by the end of July 1986. In December of that year I will announce my candidacy to the Spanish-speaking peoples of the world, hopefully from Mexico City. The announcement will be coupled with a policy statement, "Morality, Economic Stability, and the Third World."

By that time I hope to have created sufficient interest among Mexican government officials, and perhaps Central and South American leaders as well, as to influence the authorities to grant permission to carry the statement on Mexico City channel 2. It covers part of North America, Mexico, Central and South America, parts of Africa, and Western Europe.

Should this coverage be made available to me and the foreign-media response favorable, the impact on the U.S. media, even before I have made the formal announcement in the U.S., should be strong. Also, the specific effect on Hispanics and associated minority groups in the U.S., hearing another fellow American speaking in their language, could be formidable.

In this connection, I immodestly state that I am a public speaker who has few peers.

I would like to repeat the same essential process, speaking in French from Paris, preferably from the Sorbonne. The specific motive then would be to address the cultivated audiences of Europe and elsewhere in "*lingua franca intellectualis*." My topic: "The Proper Function of an American President."

Thus, the strategic objective throughout is to acquire world media support for a U.S. presidential candidate whom the U.S. people have heretofore never even heard of, let alone seen. If I am successful, the wave of foreign publicity that would hit U.S. shores would be a big one and eliminate, in one fell swoop, the problem of how I get known.

I would anticipate making the official announcement of my candidacy in New York City during the first quarter of 1987. The topic of my address would be: "U.S. Business, the Financial Community, and Peace."

—Dear Mr. President:

I wanted to wish you well and Godspeed on your trip to Geneva. I can sniff that good things will emerge from this meeting.

Or is that my dinner?

Would you be kind enough to tell Mr. Gorbachov how to spell my last name correctly? As I will his.

But he's *got* to understand he has to learn mine *first*. Up the Irish! Best wishes,

Respectfully,
Gerard J. McDonnell

Dear Mr. McDonnell: Are you willing to take the number-two spot? Cordially, **—WFB**

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MIGHTY MARIO

MARIO CUOMO has mesmerized Washington. "The hottest draw since JFK," notes a Democratic congressman from the Northeast. Mondale with charisma. Muskie with real ethnicity. Stevenson with street smarts. Humphrey without Vietnam. Carter with big-state experience. That's the street talk in the capital, among Democrats and Republicans alike.

At recent parleys of Democrats (Greenbrier, West Virginia) and Republicans (Baltimore, Maryland), Washington's political handicappers assessed Mario's pluses and minuses. On the asset side of the ledger: 1) *Leadership.* "When Reagan leaves office," says a White House aide, "people will want strength at the helm. Reagan has conditioned them to that need. Mario can fill it." Almost everyone concurs that, especially on the platform, Cuomo's presence is nearly unmatched.

2) *Qualifications.* Serving as governor of New York is arguably the second hardest chief-executive job in the nation, more of a whirlwind than governing, say, spread-out and laid-back California.

3) *Fundraising.* "Mario can raise a million dollars in New York City on one night," says a Democratic Hill insider, "whereas a similar effort elsewhere would bring in a couple of hundred thousand dollars at most."

4) *Media.* The concentration of press power, notably the networks, is greater in New York than anywhere else, and with one phone call Cuomo can get a raging national news story. With New York's media empire at his/her elbow, any major political player has extra octane, whether a Lindsay, a Koch, a LaGuardia, or a Rockefeller.

5) *Influential backers.* New York is the national headquarters of the Jewish community, an important factor in American politics. So is it for the business and financial community. "Sam Nunn wouldn't know three major national bankers or stockbrokers or two of the Fortune 100 CEOs," says the publisher of a Washington political newsletter. "Cuomo knows a dozen."

6) *Available advisors.* Being a state's highest administrator—and particularly New York State's—gives one access to a veritable bonanza of top-notch advisors that far outdistance the 15 or so key operatives on a U.S. senator's staff. Governor Cuomo can brainstorm with the nation's leading talent. For more than a decade, Henry Kissinger counseled Nelson Rockefeller on foreign issues, Nancy Maginnes on domestic ones. Joe Canzeri, Rockefeller's ace advance-man in the early Seventies, was the highest-paid road warrior of his day. No way that Joe would have operated in, say, Atlanta. (Sorry, Atlanta.) Why, Cuomo is just beginning to tap into the Empire State's gusher of resources, sluicing the rich torrent toward a national destiny.

Enough of the assets. Now the liabilities—only two, but potentially crippling ones. 1) *Political philosophy.* Cuomo has grown to hate and abjure the label, but he is, ineluctably, a liberal. (Forget that "progressive pragmatist" smokescreen.) "I don't think he can win the general election," says a top party establishment insider, referring to the 1988 presidential race. "Mario's an unrepentant old-school liberal from a high-tax state." "If Cuomo expects to unite the Mondale and Hart wings of the party," says political analyst William Schneider, "he'll have to change his '84 Democratic convention speech and the thinking behind it." Cuomo nevertheless continues to fill his platform addresses with nostalgic references to the past, rejecting voguish neoliberalism and pleading hyper-defensively on behalf of high-spending states against Ronald Reagan's tax reform. His *e pur si muove* speech at Yale a year ago showed no movement away from old-line Democratic Party principles. "They've proven their worth in practice," Mario incanted a year ago. After submitting his January 1986 state budget (spending has increased 31 per cent in Cuomo's last three years), the New York governor summed it all up in one stark, incredible utterance: "Mondale was right about everything."

2) *Personality.* No question that Cuomo is likable and, indeed, wants to be liked. Consultants, pollsters, and political junkies love him because he is exciting, good copy, and has a gladiator's zest for the contest. And, straitjacketed by an incorrigible liberalism, Cuomo's presidential bid must rely on personality. But his personality is flawed. In his recent round of well-publicized Mafia remarks ("a word invented by people") and complaints about "slurs" against his Italian ethnicity, he made many party professionals wonder how well the combative, testy governor would stand up under the prolonged scrutiny of presidential primaries and caucuses. The quondam Queens litigator's thirst to score debating points backfired against him when he let fly his salvo last year against National Rifle Association members "who drink beer, don't vote, and lie to their wives about where they were all weekend." Even Cuomo's media advisor, David Garth, once referred to his "almost Joan of Arc complex."

A Big Win

THESE NEGATIVES are real and, conceivably, disabling. Recall, however, that the Cuomo political balance sheet remains: Assets, 6; Liabilities, 2. So, assuming a big gubernatorial re-election victory in November (almost inevitable), and assuming a number of passionate flights of oratory denouncing President Reagan's "Darwinistic materialism" (with copious bows to traditional American and family values), and assuming a sudden, timely (for Mario) 1988 economic downturn, then you will have Cuomo's kind of contest. □

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An American PLUS

For the millions of Americans who cannot read a street sign, a warning label, or a job application, illiteracy is a terrible personal tragedy. For the nation, the cost of illiteracy runs to tens of billions of dollars a year in unemployment, crime, welfare, and substandard job performance.

Federal studies estimate that as many as 23 million adult Americans are functionally illiterate. Another 35 million are classified as semi-literate, and the numbers are growing. To help America fight adult illiteracy, ABC and the Public Broadcasting Service have begun an unprecedented national collaboration —Project Literacy U.S., (PLUS).

The goals of PLUS are to heighten national awareness of the problem and to increase local efforts to provide help for illiterates within our communities.

PLUS has two major phases:

Outreach development—ABC and PBS will work with national organizations, national and local companies, and local groups to expand community task forces and teaching centers. Outreach development, with participation by local PBS and ABC affiliated stations, will continue throughout the summer.

On-air programming—Beginning in September, ABC and PBS will provide national coverage of the illiteracy problem in news and information programs, plus public service announcements. ABC dramatic programming will play a role in PLUS through programs designed to raise awareness of illiteracy among viewers. ABC Radio will also play a major role.

Supplemental local programming will be provided by PBS and ABC affiliated stations, which will work with others in their communities to encourage those who need help to seek it and those who can provide help to volunteer. We at ABC and PBS have volunteered our time and resources because we believe television's ability to communicate images, ideas, and information can be of great help in conquering illiteracy in America. If you or your organization want more information, write to: PLUS, Box 2, 4802 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

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THE PROBLEM OF CRAZY STATES

MEMORY SOMETIMES plays tricks. My memory tells me that about 15 years ago an Israeli academic wrote a book entitled *Crazy States*. It also tells me that the thesis was interesting and sound, but that the book, most unfortunately, was unreadable. Perhaps that is why my memory fails to come up with the name of the author, to whom, therefore, I owe a double apology.

The problem of "crazy states" is unfortunately very much with us. What are crazy states? The term is almost self-explanatory: states conducted by crazed dictators or cliques who, not content with inflicting some particular form of insanity upon their own people, have a compulsion to export their ideas in violent ways.

The two pre-eminent crazy states these days are Libya and Iran. Though more gets into the papers about Qaddafi and Libya than about Iran, in the long run Iran is the more dangerous. By the time this column appears, Teheran will have hosted an international get-together of terrorists to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the Iranian Islamic Revolution. Those invited include representatives of the Jihad (Holy War) movements in Egypt and Tunisia, the Hezbollah of Lebanon, the Aldaveh of the Gulf States, the Amal Shiites of Bahrain, the Mujahedin movement of Saudi Arabia, and the Moro Communist front in the Philippines.

Six years ago, Ayatollah Khomeini pledged that the "Iranian revolutionary flame will be spread all over the world." In this, I believe, he was wrong on two counts: both in claiming to believe that he is acting in the name of Allah (Who may well have quite different views), and in supposing that he will succeed. But in the meantime, the export of Iranian fundamentalist craziness is going to be an increasingly severe problem.

The attitude of international observers of such goings-on is fascinatingly inconsistent. It is possible to support a crazy state for perfectly rational motives. If your objective is to create maximum havoc in Western countries or to damage Western interests, while diverting attention from your own misdeeds, then it makes perfect sense to help crazy states export their craziness. Without the vast arsenal of weapons provided by the Soviet Union, the capacity of Qaddafi to damage innocent bystanders would be far less formidable than it is.

Iran attracts unexpected bedfellows. For quite different reasons, the Israelis and the Soviets both support the Iranian regime. In August and September last year, Israel sold $400 million worth of tank and aircraft parts to the ayatollahs. Former Defense Minister Itzhak Rabin has called the Iran-Iraq war "a precious gift for Israel," because while it goes on no Arab coalition of states is going to attack Israel. True, but short-sighted: If (in part because of Israel's help) the Iranian regime succeeds in exporting its Islamic fundamentalism to Israel's neighbors, Israel's security will be severely compromised.

As for the Soviets, one should spare a comradely feeling for them: Because of their Friendship Treaty with Iraq, they help that country with military hardware; and because the Iranian regime is useful to them, they send military hardware in that direction as well, though mostly through intermediaries such as Libya.

I CAN OFFEND ALL OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME, & I CAN OFFEND SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME, BUT I CAN'T OFFEND ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME!
Mal
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In response, the ayatollahs pursue a truly bizarre policy in respect to the local Tudeh (Communist) Party. A couple of years back, there was a major purge of Tudeh elements. But in Baluchistan, the Tudeh appears to have a free hand. Tudeh activists have wiped out military and tribal opposition and are spreading their operations to Afghanistan, clearly at the instigation of the Soviet Union and with the tacit approval or blind inertia of the ayatollahs.

IT IS NOT so very long ago that the Chinese People's Republic, under Mao Tse-tung, undoubtedly qualified as a crazy state—the biggest of the kind in the world. Was there ever in history a crazier ruler than "the Great Helmsman"? Leaving aside the debated question of whether he killed twenty million or 25 million of his countrymen (in other words, whether he or Stalin qualified as number-one killer on the twentieth-century scale, with Hitler merely number three), he did bequeath some remarkable examples of classic craziness: the Hundred Flowers episode; the "Great Leap Forward"; above all, the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution." The first of these movements encouraged intellectuals to speak out; when they did, they were persecuted for their rashness. The second was to make China overnight a top-rank industrial power, and instead brought economic collapse. The third caused deaths by the hundred thousand, ruined education for a generation, and destroyed priceless cultural treasures. All the while, Mao was exporting subversion, not merely to neighboring countries, but to Africa and Latin America.

Is there really no way of bringing the crazies under control? I merely ask. □

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America's First Silver Dollar

In Accordance with Its Established Policy, The Washington Mint Hereby Announces a Limited Release of 4,375 Silver Dollars from the period 1772-1821.

A recently rediscovered private cache of 4,375 historic Silver Dollars from our nation's colonial period has now been authenticated and certified.

The specifications for this special public sale are as follows:

Historical Data:

England ignored the colonists' requests for Silver coins, so the enterprising Americans turned to the Spanish Piece of Eight as a primary means of exchange. These legendary Silver Dollars (bearing the denomination 8 Reales) were struck at the famed Mexico City Mint, the first mint in the Americas, and then shipped to the 13 colonies.

The high precious metal content of these Silver coins made them an immediate favorite with the Americans, and they remained extremely popular *even after our nation began to mint its own currency*. Remarkably, these Silver Dollars continued to be a legal coin in the United States until 1857.

Coin Description:

The obverse of each coin bears the profile of Charles III, King of Spain, and the year in which it was minted. The reverse bears the crown and shield of the Spanish Empire, the 8 Reales denomination, and the Mexico City mintmark.

Each coin was minted between 1772-1821, and each measures 39.5mm in diameter (slightly larger than the U.S. Silver Dollar that it inspired).

Metal Content:

Each one of these Silver Dollars contains 27.67 grams (427 grains) of .900 Fine Silver.

Restrictions:

This special release of America's First Silver Dollar is restricted to private citizens only -- No dealer orders will be accepted. A limit of ten coins per order will be strictly enforced, and all orders are subject to acceptance by The Washington Mint.

Sale Prices:

Each Silver Dollar in this release is priced at $80.00 plus $2.50 for postage, handling, and insurance. (Total: $82.50)

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Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make MAD

When President Reagan returned from the November Summit, many of his staunchest supporters breathed an audible sigh of relief. So far as the record discloses, nothing had been said or done to compromise his proposed strategic defense initiative—the most important issue mooted at Geneva, and arguably the most important of his Administration. Among the friends of SDI, lack of news on this front was hailed as very good news indeed.

The bad news, however, is that the arms agreement that could spell the demise of Reagan's program is already on the books, and seems likely to remain there for the foreseeable future. This is the anti-ballistic missile (ABM) treaty of 1972, part of the original SALT accords negotiated with the Soviets by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger. Perpetual in duration (though with provision for breakout on six months' notice), it is the only one of the SALT agreements still legally extant and binding. And it pledges the United States *not* to develop defenses against incoming Soviet missiles.

The problem has surfaced in recent weeks as Administration officials and members of Congress have engaged in an arcane debate as to how the treaty should be construed. One faction, headquartered in the State Department, wants a restrictive reading of the agreement that would bar the testing and deployment of SDI. The other, including conservatives in the Senate, argues for a loose construction, based on a codicil that says defenses embracing new technologies are subject to further discussion with the Kremlin.

Even the latter reading, of course, suggests the nature of the difficulty. The evident meaning of the ABM accord is to bar development of defenses against nuclear missiles; the object of SDI is, precisely, the development of such defenses. That implicit contradiction has prompted some members of Congress, most notably Representative Jim Courter (R., N.J.), to say we should acknowledge the obvious, stop trying to square the circle, and renounce the treaty altogether.

While the ABM accord has thus become a topic of inside-the-Beltway combat, it seems doubtful most Americans understand the meaning of this treaty, why it came into being, or its mind-numbing implications for our security. It is by far the most astonishing and significant arms (or other) agreement the United States has ever signed—much more significant, for example, than the companion treaties limiting offensive weapons, or the nuclear-test-ban treaty of 1963. Yet comparatively little is known about it by the public.

What makes the ABM accord so transcendently important is that it enshrines in international law a totally revolutionary concept in the history of nations: the idea that purely defensive weapons to protect one's homeland from attack are "provocative" to the enemy—and the corollary view that leaving one's civilian population exposed to possible destruction is a step toward peace.

The viewpoint embodied in the ABM accord is known as "mutual assured destruction," MAD for short. MAD is popularly fancied to be the creation of Strangelovian militarists in the Pentagon; its true history is considerably more complex. It begins with the now-bromidic concept of atomic stalemate, in which the U.S. and USSR are deterred from attacking one another by the threat of devastating retaliation, capable of being delivered in a matter of minutes by long-range missiles armed with nuclear warheads. Such an exchange, we are repeatedly informed, would be tantamount to mutual suicide, hence "unthinkable." So much is familiar to any denizen of the modern era within reach of a newspaper or TV set.

Less familiar is the paradoxical conclusion MAD theorists drew from this alarming situation. Pondering the matter among themselves in the early 1960s, a group of leftward intellectuals committed to nuclear disarmament decided that stalemate-*cum*-unthinkability was maybe not so awful, after all—that it could in fact be put to beneficial uses. For one thing, by precluding resort to atomic weapons, it creates a de-facto species of disarmament. For another, the psychological and political pressures it generates can be employed to get de-jure agreements. From which it was deemed to follow that the "balance of terror" between the U.S. and USSR must be preserved and nourished.

Such thoughts were spelled out, in the early going, by

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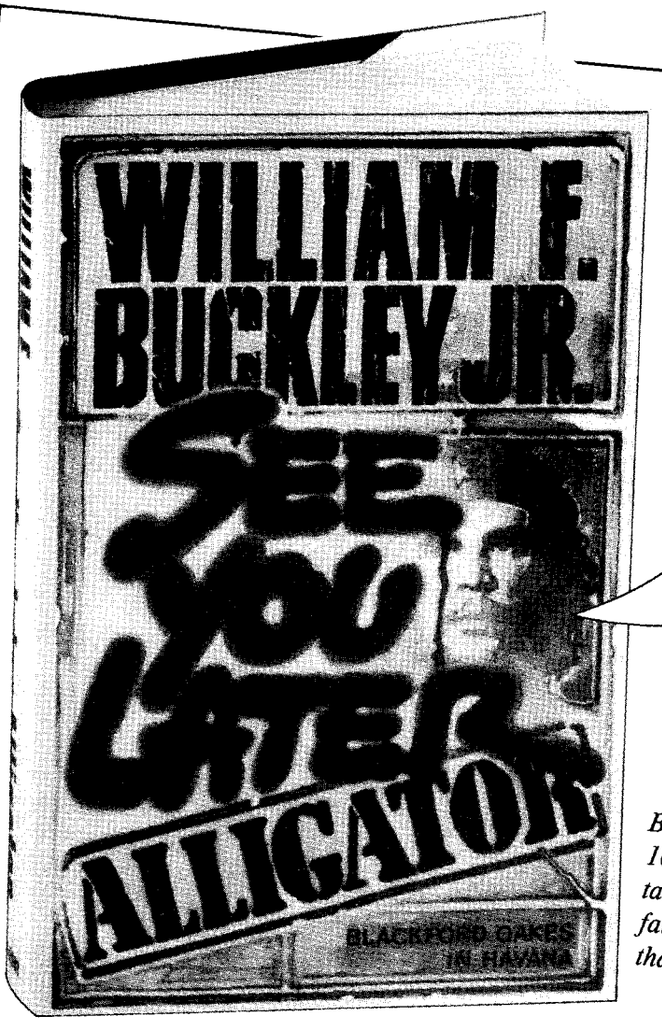

"You may call me Che."

Comandante Guevara was slighter than Blackford had imagined, weighing perhaps 160 pounds, five feet nine or ten inches tall. He wore his traditional beret and army fatigues. His regular facial posture was that of a half smile.

"We have a lot to discuss, Mr. Caimán."

This was Blackford Oakes's introduction to Che Guevara and the beginning of a fast-moving game of wits that meant death for the loser. Oakes, under the code name Caimán (Spanish for alligator), finds himself in the tightest spot of his entire career—trying to defuse the Cuban Missile Crisis while in a race to save the life of his beautiful Cuban interpreter, Catalina.

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See You Later Alligator is the latest in Buckley's spy-thriller series, which, as enthusiastic reviewers agree, gets better with every new adventure. But the *best* news is that, right now (*for a limited time only*), we offer this big new hardcover book (a stiff $16.95 retail value) as a FREE bonus with your subscription to *National Review*.

Just use the convenient card opposite this page to enter your subscription to NR for a full year (25 exciting issues) at the regular $34 rate, and we'll send *See You Later Alligator* to you without delay, FREE and postpaid (another sizable saving). If you're already a subscriber, we'll simply extend your present subscription (no matter when it expires) for 25 more issues at the same $34 rate and this best-selling book is yours FREE! Do it now.

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theorists at the Institute for Defense Analyses and in a volume called *The Liberal Papers*. They were given their most influential expression, however, by Dr. Jerome Wiesner of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who broached the key particulars of MAD directly to the Soviets at a Moscow conference in 1960 and thereafter served as a disarmament maven for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, opposing anti-missile defenses at every step along the road.

Wiesner phrased it this way at the Moscow conference: "While a system of mutual deterrence is less attractive in many ways than properly safeguarded total disarmament, it may be somewhat easier to achieve and could be regarded as a transient phase on the way toward the goal of total disarmament. . . . In this situation, an attack is deterred by the certain knowledge that it will be followed by a devastating reply. . . . If both sides in a military contest develop secure weapons, much of the incentive for an unlimited arms race disappears, even without controls."

Given these assumptions, measures to protect one's homeland with defensive weapons were considered highly undesirable. The nation that developed a successful anti-missile defense could avoid obliteration of its own cities, while being able to destroy those of the opposition. This would make nuclear war "thinkable" again, and upset the balance of terror that is so useful in the service of disarmament. By an inexorable process of deduction, we reach the conclusion that, precisely *because* an atomic war would be so horrible, we should have no defenses against it.

Once this position is arrived at, we are only a step away from the final surrealistic nuance of MAD theory: We should ensure that the Soviets' offensive weapons are fully capable of obliterating *our* civilian population, just as our weapons are capable of obliterating theirs. Or, as arms-control theorist Walter Millis put it in *The Liberal Papers*, "a genuinely deterrent policy would require the United States to cooperate with the Soviet Union in ensuring that their retaliatory force was as invulnerable as ours and that our population was equally exposed to attack with theirs."

Despite the breathtaking novelty of these opinions (Millis himself described them as "fantastic") they somehow managed, in relatively short order, to become official doctrine. It is doubtful that many military theorists have ever agreed with MAD in its more fervent modulations, or that strategic planners have accepted it in terms of targeting our weapons. Yet the most astonishing aspect of the MAD theory—the idea of leaving our own civilian population deliberately defenseless—became, and to this day remains, the policy of the U.S. Government.

The central figure in this remarkable transition was Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, who ran the Pentagon under John F. Kennedy, and for most of the tenure of Lyndon Johnson. McNamara's role in this respect was the more intriguing since he started out expounding exactly the opposite position, as in his "no cities" address in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1962. The following year, however, McNamara abandoned the notion of exempting cities from attack, and was soon discoursing on the virtues of "assured destruction," while issuing ambiguous statements about the role of ABMs.

In 1967, in announcing plans for the so-called Sentinel system, McNamara explicitly renounced development of an ABM for population defense against the Soviets, offering in its place a "thin" deployment that would allegedly defend us from the Red Chinese while providing collateral defense of our deterrent. What it emphatically would *not* provide, he stressed, was defense of our cities against a Soviet attack. The reason given was vintage MAD: ". . . both the Soviet Union and the United States possess an actual and credible second-strike capability against the other [i.e., the ability to absorb an attack and still obliterate the other's population]—and it is precisely this mutual capability that provides us both with the strongest possible motive to avoid nuclear war."

Nixon converted MAD into a bipartisan consensus virtually exempt from political debate. From this point, it was only a step to the banning of homeland defenses

When Nixon ascended to the Oval Office two years later, some students of these esoteric matters expected a reversal of the Democratic theory on arms control. It was not to be. Instead, in March of 1969, Nixon endorsed the preexisting policy, rechristened Sentinel as Safeguard, and justified the program on the identical grounds that had been used by McNamara: It would defend our deterrent—but not our population—from the Soviets. "The program," Nixon said, "is not provocative. The Soviet retaliatory capacity is not affected by our decision. . . . Moving to a massive city defense system, even starting with a thin system, then going to a heavy system, tends to be more provocative in terms of making credible a first-strike capability against the Soviet Union."

With these assertions, Nixon converted MAD into a bipartisan consensus virtually exempt from political scrutiny and debate. From this point, it was only a step to the outright banning of homeland defenses to give offensive missiles a free ride to their targets. Negotiations to that effect were soon undertaken with the Soviets, and two and a half years later resulted in the ABM accord of 1972, which had as its goal not merely the endorsement but the permanent institutionalization of MAD—converting what had been the implausible musings of the disarmament lobby into an unchallenged axiom of our strategic thinking, and of our conduct.

The object of the treaty is stated plainly in Article I, which says, "Each party undertakes not to deploy ABM systems for a defense of the territory of its country, and not to provide a base for such defense, and not to deploy ABM systems for defense of an individual region," except for two restricted sites (later reduced to one). All the rest of the treaty is an elaboration of this purpose. The point of the arrangement is aptly summarized in the gloss provided by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which says, "Each country thus leaves unchallenged the penetration capability of the other's retaliatory forces."

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Whatever else may be said about all this, it is conceptually the polar opposite of Reagan's SDI. As its genealogy and phrasing clearly suggest, the ABM accord is the very embodiment of MAD; SDI is its repudiation. When push comes to shove, whatever the quibbles over new technology, one or the other must be abandoned.

If that issue were posed in straightforward fashion to the American people, there is little doubt which one they would choose. Opinion polls suggest not only that the public likes the idea of having anti-missile defenses, but that most people have assumed we already have such weapons developed and in place. A 1982 survey by the Sindlinger organization, for example, found 66 per cent of those responding unaware that we didn't have defenses of this type; informed about the situation, better than 80 per cent of the respondents favored their development.

So much, outside the realm of MAD conjecture, is only common sense. As a moral proposition, the idea of preserving the peace by saving tens of millions of lives rather than by threatening to destroy them has self-evident appeal. It has even more appeal when the lives to be saved include one's own. Most of us would like to be protected from nuclear incineration, and would look askance at the concept of being deliberately left hostage to the possibility of attack from Moscow. Phrased in these terms, MAD doctrine would be almost impossible to sell to the average person.

For that reason, the sponsors of MAD have taken considerable pains *not* to put the matter in these terms, except in rarefied discussions that seldom get noticed by the public. In political debate, opposition to SDI, and to missile defenses generally, is usually phrased in guarded, bureaucratic fashion, stressing the technical or financial problems associated with ABMs. The idea of having a defense, it is suggested, is well and good, but simply isn't feasible.

This technical approach is doubly useful to MAD proponents, since it not only plays down the stark reality of their theory but effectively removes the issue from the realm of public comprehension. If the questions to be settled are technical and scientific, revolving around the workability of computers, radars, lasers, and the like, there is no way the layman can have an informed opinion on the issue, much less exert an influence on the outcome.

As it happens, there are plenty of experts who think an ABM *could* work, and lots of evidence to support their view. While it is generally forgotten nowadays, the basic technology of such a system—"hitting a bullet with a bullet"—was successfully tested in July 1962, when a Nike-Zeus missile intercepted an ICBM at the Kwajalein test range in the Marshall Islands. The important problems had to do with radar tracking of the enemy's weapons. During the Sentinel-Safeguard debates in the latter 1960s—exactly when MAD theory was moving into the ascendant—numerous scientists came forward to say that ABM defenses were technically quite feasible.*

We shall be hearing more about these matters as the research on SDI continues. For the present, however, it should be noted that preoccupation with such questions, to the exclusion of all else, is a diversion. The *nonworkability* of ABMs, though talked about incessantly, is clearly not the problem. From the standpoint of MAD theory, indeed, an anti-missile defense as technically flawed as has been suggested—a system that didn't work and was readily perceived that way—would pose no serious danger, since its deficiencies would leave the mutual hostage situation basically intact.

The problem, instead, is just the other way around. What really concerns MAD theorists is the possibility that SDI, or some other defensive system, *would* work. Should that occur, and should the United States succeed in defending its civilian population from attack, the "balance of terror" would be upset. Mutual assured destruction, and the pressures it creates in favor of nuclear unthinkability, would be subverted.

The point is made by the ABM accord itself. If such defenses are so technically unfeasible, so easily fooled and overwhelmed, why do we need a solemn treaty, replete with elaborate definitions and provisos, in order to ban them? Likewise with Soviet, and other, efforts to get some kind of explicit agreement barring SDI. Why go to so much bother to prohibit something that is impossible?

This theme has been sounded repeatedly by MAD supporters in their more candid moments, speaking among themselves and to the Soviets. Thus Professor Wiesner at the 1960 gathering in Moscow: "It is important to note that a missile deterrent system would be unbalanced by the development of a *highly effective anti-missile system*, and *if it appears possible to develop one, the agreements should explicitly prohibit the development and deployment of such systems*." (Emphasis added.) Thus also a British ABM opponent in a mid-Sixties conclave with the Soviets: "If one or the other side were to possess a *really effective anti-ballistic missile, that—ironic though it may seem—would be extremely dangerous, because it would upset the stability of the nuclear balance*." (Emphasis added.)

"I asked for the chef's suggestion, not his manifesto."

*For further evidence that ground- or space-based systems could work, see "How to Decide about Strategic Defense," by Lewis Lehrman and Gregory A. Fossedal, *NR*, January 31, 1986.

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Such statements make it plain that the absence of defenses is a matter of doctrine, not technological kismet. So do the numerous actions we have taken in obedience to MAD theory—the common feature of which is that they *suppressed* technologies that were, and are, within our grasp.

Consider, to take one prominent example, the much-lamented vulnerability of our offensive missile force to a possible Soviet attack. The exposure of our Minuteman ICBMs to assertedly more powerful and accurate Soviet weapons has given rise to the specter of a pre-emptive strike that would take out our deterrent, leaving us powerless to reply. It is this nightmare scenario that is responsible for the endless wrangling we have had in recent years about the MX missile and selection of a "basing mode" that would hide it from the Soviets.

Seldom mentioned in this on-going dispute is *why* we can't defend our deterrent. The technology for local defense of missile sites—"hard-point" defense—has long been feasible, affirmed as such back in the 1960s by McNamara himself, even as he opposed the notion of population defenses. Since missile bases are relatively few and can be hardened to withstand near misses, defending them with ABMs is considerably easier than defending our sprawling urban centers. Moreover, defenses of this type would conform to the MAD postulate about an invulnerable deterrent.

Why, then, don't we have them? The answer is that, in pursuit of the ABM Treaty and its 1974 protocol, we have given away the right to deploy such defenses. The 1974 revision reduced each side to a single ABM site—the Soviets choosing to keep theirs around Moscow, while we elected to keep a Safeguard installation near Grand Forks, North Dakota. The Grand Forks site itself was de-activated in 1976, when Congress decided that one such base was not much use, and might as well be phased out to save the money.

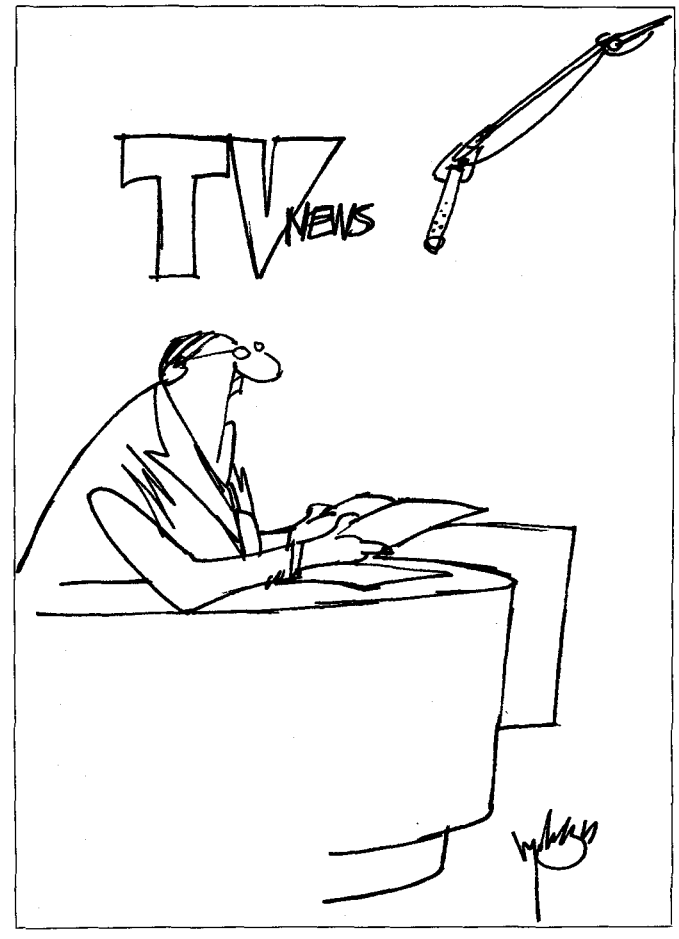
In other words, the vulnerable condition of our deterrent has not been thrust upon us by fate, or even by the Soviets, but by our own deliberate policy. The agonizing debate about the MX "basing mode" could be resolved in relatively short order (three to five years, by most estimates) by deploying the appropriate defenses around our missile fields. But since we signed the ABM accord, we have prevented ourselves from attempting what all too urgently needs doing.

Further testimony to the fact that our enfeebled state is a matter of deliberate policy are the steps we have taken to degrade our weapons—holding them below their maximum levels of efficiency. Thus, according to one defense expert, the late Donald Brennan, McNamara ordered the Sentinel ABM system to have "some specific weaknesses introduced to make the system more easily penetrable by the Soviets," undoubtedly one of the few times in recorded history that such a measure has been taken by a country's minister of defense. Similarly, as noted by Lieutenant General Daniel Graham of High Frontier, former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency, "Minuteman and Polaris-Poseidon had been engineered not to threaten [Soviet missiles] . . . By conscious design neither missile possessed enough throw-weight (payload), yield, or accuracy to be considered a true counterforce weapon." By 1971, a Republican Deputy Secretary of Defense, David Packard, was telling a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee, "this Administration made a deliberate decision *not* to improve the accuracy of our MIRV [multiple warheads] . . . to what was and is technically feasible." (His emphasis.)

In the wake of the ABM Treaty, a similar devastating logic, if it may be called such, has been applied to all our other homeland defenses. In the early 1960s, before MAD became our ruling doctrine, the United States had some 4,400 SAM missiles deployed around our major cities and military installations, to defend against attack by bombers or cruise missiles. We also had an estimated 2,700 jet interceptors ready to scramble in the case of Soviet attack. In support of these, we deployed an elaborate radar network, including the famous distant early-warning line in Canada, embracing roughly five hundred active radar stations, plus "gap filler" ships and towers to plug any remaining holes in the system.

By 1980, virtually all of this was gone. All the SAM systems had been demolished; our air interceptor force had been reduced to one-tenth its former size, from 2,700 to 273 planes; and our radar defenses against bombers and cruise missiles had shrunk to 85 active stations, many of them so out of date that spare parts to keep them operating had to be purchased in Eastern Europe.

Defense specialist John M. Collins of the Library of Congress, who supplies most of these data, sums up the matter this way: "U.S. nuclear strategists assigned little significance to homeland defense after President Nixon signed



"During a rock concert last night at municipal stadium a punk-rock group called Shredded Ganglia registered an unprecedented 6.5 on the Richter scale."

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the SALT I ABM Treaty in 1972. Abilities to protect the American people and production base from any type of nuclear attack were nearly nil by 1980. They still are. . . . Pentagon planners pay little attention to, and Congress provides relatively few funds for, defenses that could ward off [cruise-missile] and bomber attacks against the United States."

The object of this self-inflicted weakness, it will be recalled, was to get the Soviets to follow suit. It is an axiom of MAD theory that Moscow's strategic thinking, for good or ill, mirrors our own. If we developed ABM defenses, according to the theory, the Soviets would improve their offense to overwhelm the system, and also establish defenses of their own—either or both of which would be "destabilizing." Conversely, the absence of defenses on our part would induce them to relinquish the idea of defenses and retard the development of their offense.

Increasingly, the arguments in the treaty's behalf are neither technical nor strategic, but political, dwelling on its centrality to the arms-control 'process'

All of this has been repeated endlessly in justification of MAD and of the ABM accord. Unfortunately, there is not a scrap of evidence to support it. While the Soviets are doubtless very happy to see us barren of defenses, there is no reason to believe that they have ever accepted MAD theory *for themselves*. On the contrary, their strategic doctrine has always stressed the virtue and necessity of homeland defense—so much so that they could hardly understand MAD theory when American spokesmen first espoused it to them.

Premier Aleksei Kosygin expressed the common Soviet view of the matter in 1967 when he said: "I believe that defensive systems, which prevent attack, are not the cause of the arms race, but constitute a factor preventing the death of people." In the latter 1960s, the Soviets stopped talking in these terms for overseas consumption, giving rise to the theory that they had finally come to their senses and grasped the deeper wisdom of MAD doctrine. The more likely conclusion is that they realized we were perfectly serious in our intention to have no defenses, and didn't want to deter us from renouncing our technical advantages in this department. For *internal* purposes, they continued to say such things as: "Immediate destruction of the enemy's means of attack [in Soviet planning] is effected by anti-missile and anti-aircraft defense." (Quotation from a civil-defense handbook distributed widely in the USSR up through the 1970s.)

Soviet practice before and after adoption of the ABM agreement conforms entirely to this outlook. If we contrast their homeland-defense arrangement with our own, as of 1980, we see a startling difference. Compared to our total absence of ABMs, they had 64 launchers installed at Moscow (since expanded to 100); they also had 12,000 SAM missiles to our none, 2,500 air interceptors, and 7,000 ground radars dedicated to home defense. On top of this, the Soviets have tested their SAM missiles in an ABM mode and have pushed ahead with a giant ABM phased-array radar near Krasnoyarsk, in specific defiance of the ABM accord.

The inescapable conclusion is that we have been practicing "assured destruction," all right, but that it isn't mutual. We have denied ourselves defensive weapons (and offensive ones as well), not because we can't develop them, but because the doctrinal strictures of MAD, and the limitations of the ABM accord, told us we shouldn't. We thereby threw away the technological advantage we enjoyed in the development of such defenses, marking time on weapons and destroying our existing systems while the Soviets forged ahead as fast as they were able.

The Reagan Administration has been trying to make some changes in this situation, including efforts to refurbish our air defenses, obtain approval of the MX, and so on. None of these proposals, however, is remotely as significant as SDI, which would not only reduce the physical danger in which we find ourselves, but would work a counter-revolution in strategic theory. SDI is immensely important, not simply because it is different from the policy that has brought us to the present nuclear impasse, but because it is a complete rejection of it.

The MAD promoters understand this very well, which is why they are fighting SDI with every resource they can muster. They also understand that they don't need to abolish SDI outright to prevent it from taking effect. They simply need to contain it within the SALT-MAD framework, dragging it out as a futuristic, purely research-oriented project, and preventing deployment of those elements that would be useful to us in the near term (such as point defenses). In this respect, the ABM agreement is their trump card. As long as it remains in effect, SDI—or any other form of ABM deployment—will be impossible, and the MAD conception of planned defenselessness will continue to control our military posture.

In pursuit of this objective, recent literature from the MAD fraternity frequently stresses the supposed value of the ABM Treaty in and of itself—quite apart from the validity of the theory on which it is based, or the concrete results in terms of our security. Increasingly, the arguments in the treaty's behalf are neither technical nor strategic, but *political*, dwelling on its symbolic importance, centrality to the arms-control "process," and the like. The point of such discussion is to use the treaty as a kind of psychological totem, forestalling any thought of breakout, and thus forestalling SDI.

The strategy of the Reagan planners, at some point along the way, must come to grips with all of this. To date, they have avoided pushing the issue to the limit, accepting the inherent contradiction involved in promoting strategic defenses while adhering to a treaty that bans them. This is possible so long as SDI is simply a research effort; but once field testing and deployment are considered, something will have to give. If the national security is to prevail against the fantasies of MAD, that something has to be the ABM accord. □

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LATIN AMERICA IS NOT EAST OF HERE

"One of the great lies that the imperialists use concerning Central America is their attempt to impute the revolutions in this area to the Soviet Union . . . [The USSR] has had nothing whatsoever to do with Central America . . . The Soviets did not know even one of the present leaders of Nicaragua . . . during the period of revolutionary struggle. . . . The same holds true for El Salvador . . . The same goes for Guatemala. . . . We Cubans . . . have relations with the revolutionary movements. We know the revolutionary leaders in the area. I am not going to deny it."

—Fidel Castro
December 1982

MR. CASTRO exaggerates, as is his wont. But in one respect he is correct: The Soviet Union does not pose the most serious threat to United States interests in Latin America. Cuba does, with the substantial, yet far from complete, support of the Soviets. There is a way to rid the hemisphere of Communism and Soviet-Cuban military alliances, but it would require both more clarity of vision and more daring than the makers of U.S. foreign policy are usually comfortable with: Act against Castro.

Americans like to treat Fidel Castro as a mindless stooge of the Kremlin; this simplifies certain foreign-policy considerations, and it bugs the hell out of Castro. But Castro has just concluded a twenty-year-long strategic debate with his Soviet masters. He has reminded the Soviets that they are shockingly ignorant of conditions in Latin America and that their efforts to advance socialism in the region have been timid failures. At the same time, he has pointed to his own armed-insurgency campaigns, which have borne fruit. The Soviets have been persuaded. They have endorsed Castro's armed-insurgency strategy, and they have decided that Latin America is Castro's baby. They are backing the production; Castro is writing, casting, and directing the play.

Before 1960 the Soviet Union virtually ignored Latin America. This group of pre-capitalist nations with powerful military establishments and strong Catholic cultures didn't appear ripe for proletarian revolution, particularly with the most powerful anti-Communist nation in the world looming paternally to the north. The relevant Communist strategic doctrine, Browderism (named after Earl Browder, General Secretary of the Communist Party in the United States), held that Latin American Communist Parties should try to gain some influence through peaceful, democratic means and wait for the impending revolution in the United States. It came as a bit of a shock to the Soviets, therefore, when an uppity Latin American *guerrillero* declared that he was turning his island, Cuba, into a Marxist-Leninist state along the lines of the Soviet Union. When the Soviets sent an ambassador to greet Castro, they had diplomatic ties with only three other Latin American nations: Uruguay, Mexico, and Argentina.

Beauty in the Beasts

THE CUBAN experience piqued Soviet interest in Latin America, but it apparently did not raise any hopes of further revolutionary activity. Over the next two decades, the Soviets established diplomatic and economic ties with virtually every major South American nation as well as several Caribbean states. Between 1970 and 1977 alone, Soviet-Latin trade grew 1,000 per cent. The Soviets were particularly enamored with Peru. Moscow at first called the generals who led the 1968 Peruvian coup "gorillas who established in the country a regime of ferocious military dictatorship." But when those same "gorillas" nationalized U.S. oil companies and expelled U.S. military advisors, the Soviets found beauty in the beasts. Over the next dozen years, the Soviets sold the "progressive military junta" more than a billion dollars' worth of military goods at bargain prices. The Peruvians sent two thousand military officers to the Soviet Union for training and accepted 150 Soviet advisors into their own ranks. In Peru and in other Latin nations, the Soviets promoted the growth of ideologically pure but politically benign Communist Party organizations, always dominated by Moscow. The organizations spread Soviet propaganda but were careful not to provoke U.S. or Latin fears.

Soviet caution rankled Cuba's ambitious revolutionary. First with Che Guevara, and then with Régis Debray, Castro set out to persuade the Soviets that Latin America was ripe for revolution—all that was needed was a vanguard of trained, armed guerrillas who could disrupt the bourgeoisie, politicize the masses, and capture power. At the 1964 Havana conference, Castro negotiated an agreement with the Soviets whereby they would accept the use of guerrillas as one way of promoting socialism in Latin America, and, in exchange, Castro would support the Latin Communist Party organizations. But Castro's first attempt to spread revolution through guerrilla tactics was defeated by the Betancourt government in Venezuela. After the Venezuelan setback, the Soviets accused Castro of pursuing "extremist left-wing policies." They cut back on crucial oil deliveries to Cuba until Castro agreed to renounce guerrilla tactics and follow the Soviet line more faithfully.

In 1970, the USSR's cautious state-to-state strategy enjoyed another victory when Salvador Allende was elected in Chile. The Soviets knew that Chile

Mr. Brooks criticizes movies for the Washington Times, *and the rest of the world for* NATIONAL REVIEW.

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was not becoming another Cuba (they considered Cuba a happy fluke) but Allende's popular socialism persuaded the Soviets—in the words of Boris Ponomarev, Chairman of the International Department of the Soviet Central Committee—that there existed an "upsurge of the revolutionary movement on the Latin American continent." Ponomarev continued:

> Seemingly quite reliable rear lines of American imperialism are becoming a tremendous hotbed of anti-imperialist revolution. A tremendously powerful revolutionary movement *is* developing by the side of the main citadel of imperialism, the United States. These changes are having, and unquestionably will continue to have, a strong impact on the further changes in the correlation of world forces in favor of the international working class and socialism.

Allende's overthrow in 1973, followed by right-wing coups in Uruguay, Argentina, and Bolivia, sent Soviet strategists reeling. The Soviets began to rethink their entire Third World policy.

Carter's Conscience

FEELING VINDICATED, Castro quickly restated the case for armed insurgency. In 1974 he formally set up the Americas Department, a branch of the Cuban government dedicated to orchestrating revolutionary activities throughout the Western Hemisphere. While pleasing the Soviets with his enthusiastic revolutionary efforts in Angola and Ethiopia, Castro was busy laying the groundwork for Latin American insurgency. Cuban attention quickly focused on Nicaragua.

By 1977, with Somoza's health and reputation in precipitous decline, and with Jimmy Carter keeping a principled distance, Cuba was able to freely manipulate the Nicaraguan revolution. There were a number of anti-Somocista forces in Nicaragua, including a Cuban-trained revolutionary group and a Soviet-and-Cuban-trained group in the north, and an independent—and allegedly democratic-minded—group led militarily by Edén Pastora in the south. In July 1978, Castro brought these three major Sandinista factions together and imposed unity upon them as a precondition for Cuban military aid. In March of 1979, Castro, with the help of Costa Rica's President Carazo, began an intensive airlift to supply the Castroite revolutionaries in the north with arms and military advisors. Within months, Castro had transformed this northern Sandinista faction, led by the Ortega brothers, into a potent military force.

Meanwhile, the Pastora group found that its aid had been virtually cut off. Pastora was sent on a series of diversionary raids on National Guard strongholds while the Castroites marched through the back door into Managua. After the revolution, Castro made secret visits to Montelimar, Somoza's former estate on the coast, whence he made many of the key decisions of the new regime. Alfonso Robelo, at that time a member of the five-man ruling junta, summarized the state of Nicaraguan sovereignty: "Nicaragua is an occupied country. We have eight thousand Cubans plus several thousand East-bloc people . . . The national decisions . . . are not in the hands of the Nicaraguans, but of the Cubans."

Initially, the Soviets were uneasy with the Sandinista revolution. The Sandinistas were not the official Communist Party in Nicaragua. In a special edition of *Latinskaya Amerika*, the Soviets reiterated the need to let the Communist Party, and not an ideologically suspect band of guerrillas, lead the revolution. Between 1979 and 1982 the Sandinistas got twice as much aid from the U.S. as from the USSR. But as Castro formed Nicaragua into a Cuban satellite, the Soviets decided to face the facts, no matter how pleasant they might be. The editor of *Latinskaya Amerika*, Sergio Mikoyan, called the Nicaraguan revolution "an event of colossal international importance" that demanded "a re-examination of established conceptions" of socialist strategy. Vladimir Chernyshev, the Soviet ambassador to Brazil, declared, "The most important event has undoubtedly been the Sandinista victory in Nicaragua, and the way things are going, we will have another Cuba there."

Vindicating Che

NICARAGUA has clinched the long-running strategic debate between Castro and the Soviet Union. Castro has won. In *Latinskaya Amerika*, Sergio Mikoyan has admitted that "only the armed road has led to victory in Latin America." Another Soviet theorist wrote in the same issue: "The Nicaragua experience demolished the previous simplistic interpretations of guerrilla actions, confirming the justice of many of Che Guevara's strategic principles and crystallizing his idea of creating a powerful guerrilla movement."

As the Soviets accepted Castro's insurgency model, Castro, the godfather of Latin insurgency, became a more important Soviet foreign-policy tool. During the 1970s, the Soviet Union delivered a yearly average of 15,000 tons of military equipment to Cuba. But in 1981, the Soviets delivered 66,000 tons of equipment, and currently, Soviet shipments have leveled off at about 55,000 tons a year. In the twenty years prior to the Sandinista revolution, the Soviets supplied the Cubans with $16 billion worth of economic aid. In the three years following the revolution, the Soviets supplied the Cubans with $14 billion worth of aid. What's more, the Soviets seem to have given Castro almost total say over how he wants to allocate these abundant new resources.

Castro, transformed by this generosity into an anti-American sugar daddy, is magnifying every two-bit collection of malcontents in the region into a disruptive guerrilla force. Castro now supports 31 major factions in 11 Latin countries, including the Montoneros in Argentina, the Movement of the Revolutionary Left in Chile, the People's Revolutionary Movement in Costa Rica, and the Tupamaros in Uruguay. In the

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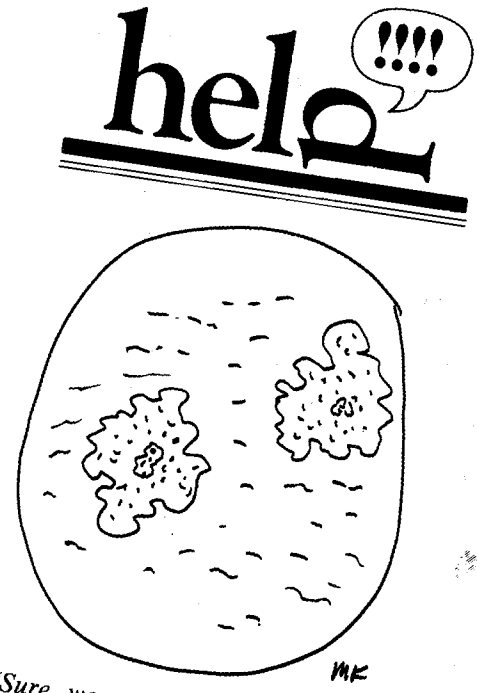

"Sure, we could have evolved into a higher life form. But someone has to stay here and cause dysentery."

MACNELLY ©1986 Chicago Tribune
THE DISTINGUISHED MEMBER
"BY ANY CHANCE, DID EITHER A MR. GRAMM OR A MR. RUDMAN DROP BY WHILE I WAS AWAY, MISS SMITHERS?..."

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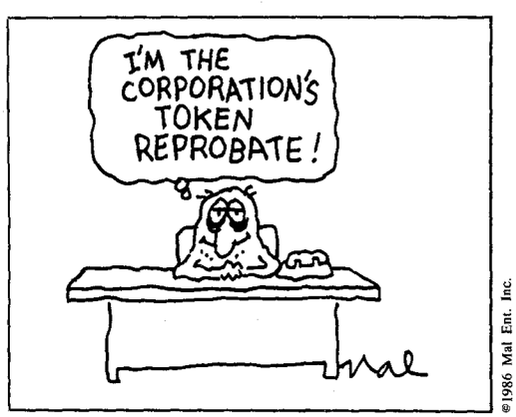
Mr. Reagan Lucks Out

As Saudi princes turn to tents,
  While ayatollahs dump
Their Caddies for a camel and
  Get bedsores from the hump,
The gloom among Republicans
  Lifts like a morning fog,
Though Democrats may have to dine
  Much lower on the hog.

W. H. von Dreele



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fall of 1980, Castro supervised the unification of four insurgency groups in Guatemala under a single umbrella organization. Castro thrashed out a similar agreement—establishing the Unified Revolutionary Coordinating Board—with four Honduran extremist groups in 1983. After the Honduran government smashed a guerrilla movement in Olanchito in 1984, the Cubans set up a replacement group, the Morazanist Front, which resumed the fight.

The most volatile center of Cuban-inspired activity is Colombia. Open Cuban support for the powerful M-19 guerrillas has even embarrassed the Soviet Union, which at one point was trying to establish state-to-state relations with the Colombians. Now the Soviets, still clinging to the shadow of their old strategy, have urged the unification of the M-19s and the Colombian Communist Party.

Colombia Next?

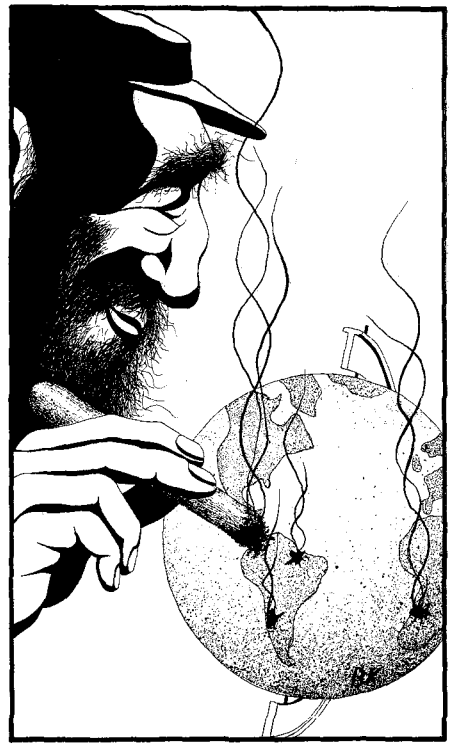
INSTEAD, the Cubans have set up a close working relationship between the M-19s and the Sandinistas. M-19s have been known to aid Sandinista forces in their fight against the *Contras*, and the Sandinistas now arm and train the M-19s. In 1981, Colombia broke off relations with Cuba after a group of Cuban-trained M-19s tried a Pacific beachhead invasion. After the invasion attempt was crushed, Castro was caught trying to ship one hundred tons of weapons to the M-19s, using ships owned by the Colombian drug trafficker Jaime Guillot-Lara. One of the great unreported stories of this year, dug up by the American academic Marlo Lewis, is the capture of a letter allegedly from Nicaraguan leader Daniel Ortega to the M-19s, which details plans to support a major guerrilla offensive in Colombia in 1986. The letter states that hundreds of Colombian guerrillas are being trained in Nicaragua for the campaign.

Castro seeks protégés so aggressively because he is motivated by a deep-rooted faith in pan-Latinism. Like Bolívar before him, Castro believes that Latins are qualitatively different from the English-speaking peoples who now dominate the hemisphere and the Europeans who were once dominant. But unlike Bolívar, who admired our Constitution, Castro defines his pan-Latinism as a rejection of North America and North American values. He is energized by what Carlos Rangel has described as "a psychological need to compensate for feelings of inferiority and humiliation" brought on by the economic and political success of the United States and Canada.

Latin Dreams

ALTHOUGH Castro and his ilk have no love for blacks or Indians, they tend to deny differences among Latins. As one academic has written, "Castro does not talk about exporting revolution, because the notion of a national boundary means little to him, and, I dare say, to others in the region." Castro sponsors such pan-Latin affairs as the April 1983 meeting in Esmeralda, Cuba, attended by the Salvadoran FMLN, *Sendero Luminoso* (Peru), the Guatemalan EGP, the M-19s, and the Venezuelan *Bandera Roja*. He also has encouraged the FMLN to open branch operations in Honduras and the *Sendero Luminoso* to spread into Colombia and Venezuela. As his demagogic pronouncements on the debt crisis suggest, Castro's most fantastic dream is to use this pan-Latin revolutionary vanguard to forge a revolutionary Latin nation powerful enough to stand up to the United States. Dreams are not reality, but they can be a guide to policy.

Marxism is the most important tool but not the motive of this dream. Castro, the Sandinistas, and the leaders of these guerrilla forces are Communists, but one gets the sense that they stumbled upon Communism as the end product of a more heartfelt anti-anti-Communism. They are socially suicidal; they are rebelling against their own culture and upbringing, which they imagine to be an imposition from the north. Politically, their culture has been characterized by anti-Communism, which they now despise. At the climax of the Sandinista revolution Tomás Borge told his followers, "Anti-Communism is a Somocista philosophy. Anti-Communism in Nicaragua has been the banner of Somoza. A Sandinista revolution is not going to fall into the trap of anti-Communism, because it is a dirty banner, repugnant, that has served to assassinate thousands and thousands of Nicaraguans." Communism, to the extent that these guerrillas understand and believe it, serves to give form and vocabulary to an anti-American impulse.



Why have the Soviets ceded control of the Latin American insurgency to a self-serving surrogate and his ideologically dubious insurgents? To answer the question, one must look at Soviet goals for Latin America. The Soviets have not seemed particularly interested in establishing Soviet-style states in Latin America. They are clearly uneasy with Latin culture and history; they don't want to risk what they imagine to be their international prestige in a violent and unstable region. Also they are not sure they can afford the costs of propping up many more Third World satellites (as it is, the Soviets are forcing the Sandinistas to pay for the grain shipments that are officially labeled "donations"). The Soviets were hesitant to endorse Grenada's revolution and, until its last year, were niggardly with aid. They advised the Bishop regime not to provoke the U.S., implying they would be unable to help Grenada if the U.S. moved. Indeed, the Soviets issued similar warnings to the Sandinistas in the early 1980s. Like the Western Europeans, the Soviets do not seem to see the Caribbean and Latin America as major sectors of the East-West conflict.

Rather, the Soviets see the American "strategic rear" as a place where they can use pervasive instability to distract American military attention and polarize Western public opinion. The

(Continues on page 61)

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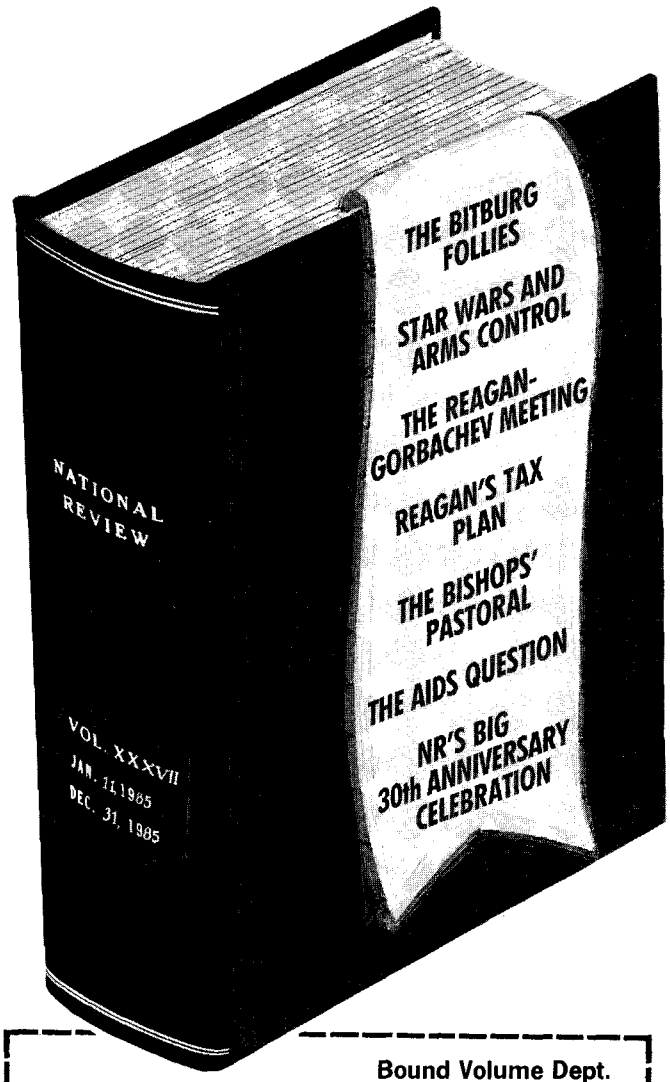

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IMPERIALISM AND THE PILL

THE MALTHUSIAN interlude began in earnest around 1965. For the first time that year the *New York Times Index* noted below the heading "Population": "General material on 'population explosion' is indexed here, including controversy over proposals to curb it by means of organized birth-control programs sponsored by government or other national or international agencies." By 1984 the explanatory note had been dropped. That also was the year the Reagan Administration spoke sense at the UN International Conference on Population in Mexico City, pointing out, to general displeasure, that people come equipped with hands as well as mouths, and that there is no evidence that population growth diminishes economic well-being.

The wave of Malthusian hysteria now appears to be over, the "scientific" forecasts of the late Sixties and early Seventies having proved almost wholly incorrect—embarrassingly so in some cases. In 1970 Paul Ehrlich, Stanford University's renowned specialist in population biology and author of *The Population Bomb* (1968), predicted that famine would be "directly or indirectly responsible for 65 million American deaths in the decade of 1980-89." Little did he know that this would be the decade of best-selling diet books and overweight welfare mamas. (Today Ehrlich is to be heard, along with another politicized scientist, Carl Sagan, animadverting upon "nuclear winter"—best taken with several grains of salt.)

It is hard to say just what triggered the demographic alarm in the 1960s. In 1968 Fidel Castro was quoted as saying that it showed "imperialism's lack of faith in the future," in retrospect one of the few interesting contemporary comments on the topic. Far more characteristic was John D. Rockefeller III, warning us that the "present generation may be the last to have a free choice" in coping with the problem. If we did not solve it soon—and plenty of Rockefeller money would be available for the task—then "compulsory family planning" would be upon us. (Even the most cursory study of the population "crisis" makes one thing clear: People with inherited wealth find it hard to imagine that new wealth can be *created*.) Nobel Prize-winners foresaw cannibalism just over the horizon; while (as the *New York Times Index* informs us in its best laconic style) "Dr. P. Ehrlich says U.S. might have to resort to addition of temporary sterility drug to food shipped to foreign countries or their water supply with limited distribution of antidote chemicals, perhaps by lottery, speech to U.S. Commission for UNESCO conference." (How come there was no leftist outcry against this kind of thing? At the time Ehrlich was contributing to *The Progressive*.)

Perhaps the inaccuracy of earlier forecasts played a role. In a 1953 study for the Twentieth Century Fund, demographers W. S. and E. S. Woytinsky estimated world population in the year 2000 at 3.2 billion. By 1967 the most extreme figure bandied about was 15 billion. In 1971, Secretary of State William Rogers suggested a figure of 7.5 billion. Today the Census Bureau estimates that the figure will be 6.17 billion—already down a couple of hundred million or so from the estimate made at the time of the Global 2000 report (1980).

Population hysteria did wonders for government-funded programs—and these we have still with us. Population-planning programs funded by the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) increased from $2 million in 1965 to $250 million in 1985. By contrast, the amount of space devoted to the "population explosion" declined in the *New York Times Index* from fifty column-inches in 1971 to one column-inch in 1982.

Such U.S.-financed population planning (to use the current euphemism) seems now to be a source of understandable and growing anti-Americanism. In this it reminds one of another AID-funded endeavor: land reform—the seizure and redistribution of property. And, as it happens, the alleged population crisis was used more than once as a justification for redoubling land-reform efforts in the late Sixties. If we concede that the population crisis was real, this was exactly the opposite of what was needed, because land reform weakens property rights. It is countries with free-market economies (widespread property rights) that have in recent decades experienced fertility declines in almost every instance.

Analogizing from Garrett Hardin's famous essay "The Tragedy of the Commons," published in *Science* in 1968, when land is held in common and families are close-knit, as is the case in many Third World countries, people are wise to produce offspring quickly to live off that land, for the same reason that a hungry man eating from a communal pot is well advised to eat quickly. By contrast, in Western democracies as currently organized—with property rights modified by hefty income transfers—the cost of raising middle-class children is privatized while the benefits accruing in adulthood are to some extent socialized by high taxes and social-security levies. In sub-Saharan Africa it pays you to have a bunch of children. Here it will cost you a pretty penny.

THE SOVIET UNION exports Communism. The United States exports condoms. A Capitol Hill aide once tried to find out how many, but of course no one knew. Visualize, nonetheless, the creaking boatloads of condoms, pills, IUDs, and sterilization devices sailing regularly from U.S. ports. Waving from dockside are well-paid functionaries of the U.S. Agen-

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cy for International Development, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Population Council, the Population Crisis Committee, the International Planned Parenthood Federation, and a small army of senators and congressmen. Not a pretty picture.

U.S. population-control efforts perfectly symbolize the pessimistic materialism of American elites. U.S. support for land reform told the world that we no longer have the faith and hope shared by those who created the wealth of America. The U.S. export of contraceptives delivers the same message even more clearly. Not only must scarce resources be redistributed, but copulating hordes must be restrained, lest the resources become even scarcer. State distribution of the means of production and state control of the means of reproduction—that has been the unexpressed U.S. foreign policy in recent decades. And *we* are the relevant state. Anti-Americanism abroad should not just be dismissed as resentment of the rich by the poor.

According to one AID document, freight charges "for shipment of contraceptives" came to $373,000 in 1983. Peter R. Huessy, president of Population Reports International and a consultant to the Global 2000 report, compiled some unusual figures about "waste, misuse, and inappropriate expenditures in international family-planning programs" for congressional testimony he gave in 1984:

—In the Philippines, in the late 1970s, ten million oral-contraceptive cycles and 26 million condoms were stored in one warehouse in downtown Manila.

—In Nepal, oversupply was so great that the AID mission requested $50,000 to burn condoms at various locations around the country.

—In Bangladesh, three Family Planning International Association warehouses alone contained a 65-*year* supply of oral contraceptives and a nine-year supply of condoms for the "target" population.

A former legislative assistant to Senators Gaylord Nelson, William Proxmire, and Mike Gravel, Huessy recently wrote a book about family-planning programs, *To Inherit the Earth*, but today he seems disillusioned by the whole business, and he concentrates on defense and national-security issues. He depicts the population-crisis community as attending one another's conferences and using the money they get from AID to lobby for more money the following year. (Almost half of AID's "population" budget goes to such private organizations as the Population Council, Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Family Health International, Pathfinder Fund, etc.)

"I don't think family planning is the solution," he told me, "and I think the people who are promoting it as a solution are being duplicitous. I've talked to most of the people in this community for years, and I got out of it because they weren't willing to acknowledge the serious limitations on what they are doing." Huessy's main point is that family-planning programs don't work because "the absence of 'family planning' is not the problem. The problem is family planning." In short, people in developing countries have large families because they want to, not because no one ever gave them condoms or intrauterine devices (many of which have now been withdrawn from the U.S. market as a result of law suits charging that they are unsafe).

Huessy adds that where birth rates have declined—Thailand, Indonesia, and the Philippines are oft-cited examples—the declines "were universally initiated prior to the beginning of government-supported family-planning programs." Furthermore, some countries receive population-control funds (at the moment, for example, Bangladesh receives the lion's share of AID funds—$32 million in FY '86), other countries receive nothing. According to Huessy, there is no correlation between receipt of family-planning funds and reduction of birth rate.

ANTAGONISM toward the U.S. concept of population control has surfaced in numerous countries," Jacqueline Kasun points out in her informative book *The War against Population*. (She is a professor of economics at Humboldt State University in California.) Iran and Nicaragua are two cases in point. Out went the population planners and their demoralizing paraphernalia when the revolutionaries came in. Because of the "sensitivity" (read: unpopularity) of what it is doing, AID admits "it has been more acceptable to many countries to receive support through multilateral agencies, such as the United Nations Fund for Population Activities, or the large and private voluntary organizations" that in turn are funded by AID.

University of Maryland business professor Julian L. Simon has borrowed the metaphor of money laundering to describe this subterfuge. His writings, for example *The Ultimate Resource* (1981), have been influential in turning around the Malthusian debate. Interestingly, the article in *Science* that gave him "instant credibility," according to one journalist, has since been repudiated by the editor (Philip Abelson) who published it, and now wishes he hadn't.

In August 1985, the Archbishop of Guatemala, Prospero Penados, sent a letter to "His Excellency" President Reagan, complaining that AID, the International Planned Parenthood Federation, and its local affiliate "have been flooding Guatemala with hazardous artificial contraceptives, mechanical devices, and widespread sterilization programs for many years," and are now promoting a sex-education program "which defies and mocks our Christian principles," excerpts from which "are too embarrassing to be quoted here."

Speaking on behalf of the Episcopal Conference of his country, the archbishop added: "We feel that the myopic intervention of these agencies brings about a reaction of antipathy against what is perceived as a North American cultural and biological imperialism" and that Americans "would be ashamed to know that their tax dollars are being used to propagate these evil programs to poor and defenseless countries which are ignorant of the neo-Malthusian plans of these multinational agencies."

Receiving no answer, the archbishop wrote again this January, enclosing evidence of the "violation of the right to be born, and the outrages that continue against the poor people . . ."

Mercedes Wilson, executive director of the Louisiana-based Family of the Americas Foundation, told me recently that the Guatemala affiliate of IPPF has been "promoting the pill by telling the Indians that they are vitamins." She added that the Archbishop of Cameroon has lent his support to the earlier complaint by Archbishop Penados ("Some rich and powerful foreign organizations are now taking an active interest in the Cameroon population situation"), as has Bishop José Ivo Lorscheiter, the president of the Na-

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tional Conference of Brazilian Bishops ("You may count on the solidarity of our episcopal conference").

Mrs. Wilson, incidentally, has struggled for years to get government funding for organizations, such as her own, that teach new and fairly effective methods of natural family planning, without the requirement that they also provide information about artificial methods. She finally prevailed with AID Administrator Peter McPherson last summer, only to have Congress change the law in such a way as to bar such funding explicitly. The amendment was spearheaded by Senator Dennis DeConcini of Arizona, a Catholic, who received a pleading phone call from Mother Teresa of Calcutta before the vote, but managed to ignore it.

Philip Lawler, president of the American Catholic Conference, heard complaints last year from the presidents of the Central American and Salvadoran Bishops' Conferences about a contraceptive and sterilization offensive in their part of the world. According to a Capitol Hill aide, at a mid-January meeting of South American church officials in Lima, Peru, one senior member of the episcopate told of his recent visit to Florida where he asked his American counterparts to intercede with the U.S. Government on behalf of the Latin American church, because U.S. population policies were anti-Catholic. According to this source, the American bishops "politely declined."

The Haitian bishops have also become upset. They too have questioned "the appropriateness of a sterilization program that apparently is being funded by AID," according to a source at the U.S. Catholic Conference (of bishops) in Washington.

Here, then, is the non-barking dog. The famously politicized American bishops! They bark at the unemployment rate (7.1 per cent is "morally unacceptable"), they bark at the poverty rate, they bark long and loud at capitalism. They wish to be "prophetic" (critical of government); they seem to enjoy opposition to the Reagan Administration. So where are they when bishops from around the world talk of cultural imperialism and express the hope that United States' foreign policy will be brought into line with Catholic teaching? Quite an opportunity for the bishops, wouldn't you think?

"The bishops fought the good fight for a number of years, I would say

until the early Seventies," said a source at the USCC. "They got no significant support, and they were really isolated. In practical terms, for the last 15 years they have pretty well dropped the issue of family planning."

Turn back to the *New York Times Index*, and you will find it is statements by Roman Catholics—almost exclusively statements by Roman Catholics—that seem on target today.

—"Monsignor Knott re-states RC Church opposition to most aspects of birth control . . . Charges [President] Johnson use of word 'explosion' is unscientific" (January 9, 1965).

—"Vatican newspaper front-page ed, strongly opposing 'unnatural' forms of birth control, doubts validity of scientific warnings of population-explosion dangers, says moral solution to problem is man's 'mastery of self'" (November 5, 1966).

—"Vatican publication strongly scores Johnson for backing birth control in State of Union message" (January 19, 1967).

—"Pope Paul VI ban on all artificial means of contraception, dismisses warnings of population-explosion danger, says threat must be met by socio-economic means, not birth control" (July 30, 1968).

I talked to Thomas Quigley, advisor on Latin America to the U.S. bishops, and commented on the non-barking dog.

"Been overused a bit, that," he said.

"Here you have appeals from brother bishops in foreign lands . . ."

Quigley was legalistic. "I don't know of any request made to the U.S. bishops to do something," he said. No use their complaining to the likes of Lawler or Mercedes Wilson. There were channels and procedures.

"Yes, but when it comes to addressing the U.S. economy you don't seem to need prompting . . ."

"The Bishops' Conference in the U.S. doesn't make pronouncements on policy every Tuesday morning," Quigley said. "It would take something more than has already happened to gear up the Conference."

No particular stimulus was needed, by contrast, for bishops in any part of the world to address problems of poverty, destitution, injustice, he said. That was an ongoing part of the Church's post-Vatican II ministry.

"There's not been a great deal of attention, I fully grant," he said, "to the extent to which AID is involved in undesirable efforts overseas, affecting people's freedom to have children."

I pondered that and he said: "You're still hearing the dog that doesn't bark."

Is there no population crisis, then? Maybe there is. It takes an average of 2.1 children per woman to replace a population over time, not counting immigration. "The key fact of our time," as Ben Wattenberg has written, "is that the important, modern, free, powerful nations of the world are not having 2.1 children per woman. Not even close. In the U.S. the rate is 1.8 children per woman. In England it's 1.8; in France, 1.9; in Japan, 1.7; in Italy, 1.6; in West Germany, 1.4. This is the first time in history that a collection of nations—without the stress of war, famine, or disease—have opted not to reproduce themselves."

Even allowing for the unreliability of such forecasts, the populations of several Western European countries are likely either to have declined by the year 2000, or to be stable thanks only to rapidly growing Muslim cohorts in their midst. (In Britain today there are a thousand mosques.) The U.S. population will continue to rise for a while —because of immigration, and the declining death rate (people live longer).

"The U.S. population is now growing and short of violent disaster will continue to do so for some decades to come," Petr Beckmann of Boulder, Colorado, wrote recently in his always entertaining newsletter, *Access to Energy*. "From this it is often quite wrongly concluded that there is a population explosion in the U.S. This is like fearing a flood because the river level is still slowly rising after the spring run-off, when a look at the dry mountains would reveal that what is really threatening is a drought." □

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THE CAMPUS CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE RELIGIOUS ORDER

In the four hundred years since the Lutheran Reformation, but especially in the two hundred years since the Enlightenment, Protestant theology and militant secularism have jointly formed a phalanx to drive religion from its paramount position in culture and politics back into the corners of private life. The secularists' motive was to force religion off the public stage: Religion was a matter of personal caprice and therefore beyond rational inquiry, which should govern public life. And precisely because it could not be a matter of public responsibility or shared discourse, religion for the secularist faded from consciousness and became trivial. For Protestant theologians religion was hardly trivial; the theologians' goal was to keep religion vivid in the heart of the individual. Yet Protestantism proved complicit. If, as in the Lutheran tradition, true religion takes place in the heart, in the act of faith by which alone we are saved, then religion does not form a component of culture but a constituent of conscience.

In the context of American public life, the accomplishments of this Protestant/secularist phalanx include the exclusion of the study of religion from the public schools. This exclusion teaches young people the lesson that religion does not exist in the world, but only in private corners of the world. But what about universities? When religion is studied in universities today, the same forces conspire to dictate what we study when we study religion, therefore how the coming generations will perceive and evaluate its claims. What difference does this make to someone not on the campus?

A lot. What students learn about religion is that it is self-evidently a matter of theological conviction, which is personal. Religion at most, therefore, measures a dimension of conscience and character; more likely, it forms an entity altogether unimportant—or else a danger to rational order in society. Thus students learn about religion exactly the opposite of the truth—the truth that reaches us every morning in the headlines. Because of religion nations make war or peace. Because of religion people give their lives. We are misleading our coming generations by pretending that the critical force in human life does not matter. Religion matters more than anything else.

Because of religion, economic decisions favor one course of action and not some other; because of religion, politics, culture, and social organization form a single cogent system in country after country. Wherever we turn, from Europe to the Middle East to India to the South Pacific, from Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, and Poland to the outer Islamic reaches of the Soviet Empire, religion proves paramount. It turns out to form the single force that defines reality for mankind. Most of the world is what it is because of religion.

Religion in universities today is something for religious people to do on the fringes of the campus —confined to the divinity school, for example, and to various extracurricular associations. The university attitude? We can tolerate anything, so long as it finds no place at the center of the campus. But we do not choose to confront religion as a powerful force in the definition of politics and culture.

Universities form an arena for transactions in symbols, whether words or gestures. So the secularists, through the symbolism of the curriculum, effectively dismiss religion as something essentially beyond all social analysis, irrelevant to the formation of culture and the study of society. The secularist curriculum wishes religion away, bringing to its logical conclusion the sustained attack on all religion characteristic of education in this country for several generations. The principal dogma of the secular enemies of the study of religion is that when you study religion, you are studying someone's fantasy, not something that matters out here, in the real world. Even for departments of religious studies, nonsense is nonsense. It is only the history of nonsense that is scholarship.

In truth, if we want to teach our students about the world as it really is, religion should form the center of the curriculum, both in primary schools and in universities. The crises of the day derive from deeply held religious convictions. Religion moves people to give their lives. The war in Afghanistan sustains itself on religious conviction; the Communist government of Poland confronts religious belief as a social and political force; and American politics, in all its complex and diverse dimensions, demonstrates, no less than Indian politics, the power of religion in the real world. No object of study forms so public and social—indeed, so measurable—a presence as religion. Nothing humanity has made constitutes a less personal, a less private, a less trivial fact of human life. For the secularists to have remained ignorant of such an overwhelming reality suggests that they are themselves victims of quasi-religious dogmas—in this case, dogmas incompletely borrowed from Protestant theologians.

William Scott Green at the University of Rochester comments:

> The basic attitude of mind characteristic of the study of religion holds that religion is certainly in your soul, likely in your

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heart, perhaps in your mind, but never in your body. That attitude encourages us to construe religion cerebrally and individually, to think in terms of beliefs and the believer, rather than in terms of behavior and community. The lens provided by this prejudice draws our attention to the intense and obsessive belief called "faith," so religion is understood as a state of mind . . . Thus we tend to devalue behavior and performance, to make it epiphenomenal and of course to emphasize thinking and reflecting, the practice of theology, as a primary activity of religious people. . . . The famous slogan that "ritual recapitulates myth" follows this model by assigning priority to the story and to peoples' believing the story, and makes behavior simply an imitation, an aping, a mere acting out.

In America what matters in or about religion emerges from Protestant theology and Protestant religious experience. For when we lay heavy emphasis on faith to the exclusion of works, on the individual rather than on society, on conscience instead of culture, we simply adopt as normative for academic scholarship convictions critical to the Protestant Reformation. Judaism and the historical, classical forms of Christianity, Roman Catholic and Orthodox, not to mention Islam in all its varieties, place at least as much emphasis on religion as a matter of works, behavior, and community as on religion as belief and conscience. Religion is not something people merely have, as individuals, religion is something that people do, and they do it together. This is the historically dominant view. Since not only the people but the civilization of the West, from the fourth century onward, has carried forward the convictions of Christianity, we may hardly find surprising the Roman Catholic conviction that religion flourishes not alone in heart and mind, but in eternal social forms: the Church; in former times, the state as well.

Now, I hasten to add, we have no reason to find surprising the dominance in America of Protestant attitudes toward religion. After all, the academic study of religion in America originated among Protestant scholars. The openness to diversity, the interest in the other, the capacity to pursue an other than narrowly theological program—these constitute the glories of the academic study of religion in America. And they are the gifts of Protestant scholars of religion. I should argue, moreover, that only Protestants could have so shaped the field—Protestants of a particular order, to be sure.

For they are the ones who took seriously the program of the Enlightenment, with its interest in a critical examination of religion. They are the ones who saw the study of religion as a generalizing science. No one else generalized; few today try. The Protestants are the ones who asked not only about religions but also about religion. It was they who invited to *testify not only the religions they understood* but also the ones they did not understand.

Indeed, the Jews to this day make no provision in their academic institutions, neither in this country nor, still less, in the state of Israel, for the academic study of religion. The Association for Jewish Studies program from year to year contains little that any scholar of the academic study of religion could identify as the religious study of Judaism (as distinct from the ethnic celebration of Judaism). No institution of Jewish origin or sponsorship in the United States, Europe, or the state of Israel has a fully articulated department of religious studies

As to the Roman Catholics, the picture of course is somewhat brighter. Yet the Roman Catholics study, in their encounters with other religions, principally topics that illuminate the relationship of those religions to (Roman Catholic) Christianity. What interests "our crowd" continues to define what we want to know. It is as if, in the study of Paul, what struck me as most important was the fact that he permitted people to eat pork. That would represent an interest in Paul as narrow as characterizes Roman Catholic interest in Judaism. Catholic scholarship focuses mainly on Judaism in the period of Christianity's origin, on the one side, and the Jewish-Christian dialogue today, on the other —*that is, once more, on what* "our crowd" wants to know. Judaism as a religion interesting in its own right—that is to say, *Judaism as an example of religion in general*—does not define the typical academic program in Roman Catholic departments of religious studies, still less the journals of religious studies published under Roman Catholic auspices. (Those journals rarely review books on Judaism or other religions, for example.)

True enough, the Protestant tradition of religious studies leads to an equivalently parochial interest in the religions of other parts of the world, since the missionary concern in the relationship between "Christianity" and "Hinduism" retains a paramount position. Still, the Protestants created whatever is truly academic—broad, descriptive, analytical, consequential, and rigorous—in the academic study of religion.

Where we are strong, there is our weakness; our power is our pathos. It is that fundamental universality of vision, the interest in the other, that led to the modern academic study of religion. But what we study when we study religion also is defined by that vision. Our *intense interest in faith* instead of religion and the culture it makes derives from our origins in Protestant theology, as that theology took shape at a particular moment in the history of American Protestant thought, on the one hand, and of American culture, on the other. Our new, young field traces its origins to the years immediately after World War II, when America entered a position of world consequence. Then we had to pay attention to the "other," to all of the infinite diversity of humanity, in ways in which, before that time, we as a nation did not. The Protestant founders of the academic study of religion, the creators of the departments of religious studies we now find exemplary, made a formidable contribution to the nation's capacity to confront the other and to sort out differences.

If the great universities of the country are to take the lead in shaping the study of religion as a comprehensive academic enterprise, *the Protestants will* have to show the way. That requires, in theological terms, the willingness to treat as critical those aspects of religion that shape politics and culture, society, and the public life.

Even in defense of the Protestant academic heritage of us all, we have now to take up the challenge of the theological enemies of religious studies. For Protestant, not to mention Judaic and Catholic, theology cannot accept that religion is merely private. But if religion is public, social, a matter of political behavior and economic action, indeed the paramount factor in such actions, then it must be taught as such, not only in the universities but in the public schools. □

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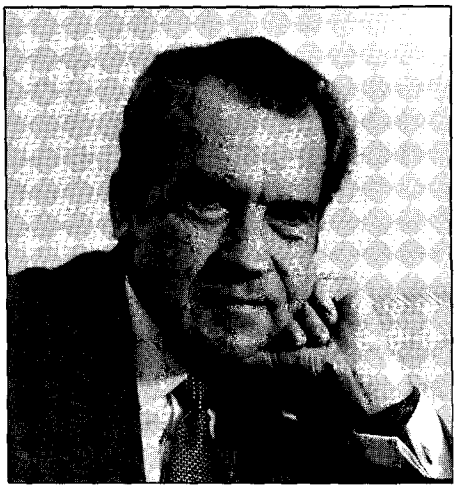

"The Soviets' goal is victory without war. Ours is peace without victory. Thus the major danger to the U.S. is not nuclear war but surrender to nuclear coercion."

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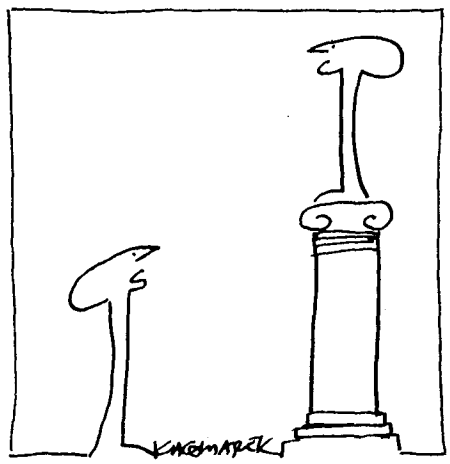
DEATH AND DETERRENCE

PROFESSOR Stephen K. Layson, an economist at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, has published in the *Southern Economic Journal* (July 1985) a statistical study of the effects of executions on the murder rate. He concluded that every execution of a murderer deters, on the average, 18 murders that would have occurred without it.

Layson also inquired into the effects of the arrest and conviction of murderers on the murder rate. His correlations indicate that a 1 per cent increase in the clearance (arrest) rate for murder would lead to 250 fewer murders per year. Currently the clearance rate is 75 per cent. Further, a 1 per cent increase in murder convictions would deter about 105 murders. Currently 38 per cent of all murders result in a conviction; 0.1 per cent of murders result in an execution.

Attempts to correlate murder to punishment rates have been made for a long time. Most had flagrant defects. Some correlated murder rates to the presence or absence of capital-punishment statutes—not to executions, which alone matter. Others failed properly to isolate murder rates from variables other than punishment, even when these variables were known to influence murder rates. For instance, changes in the proportion of young males in the population do influence murder rates regardless of executions, since most murders are committed by young males. The first major statistical analysis that properly handled all variables was published by Isaac Ehrlich in the *American Economic Review* (June 1975). Ehrlich found that from 1933 to 1969 "an additional execution per year . . . may have resulted on the average in seven or eight fewer murders."

Ehrlich's study went against the cherished beliefs of most social scientists (after all, it confirmed what common sense tells us). A whole cottage industry arose to refute him. In turn he refuted the refuters. The verdict is inconclusive. As is often the case in statistical matters, if a different period is analyzed, or some technical assumptions are changed, a different result is produced. Thus the testimony of Professor Thorsten Sellin, given in 1953—long before Ehrlich wrote—to the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment in Great Britain, still stands. Asked whether he could "conclude . . . that capital punishment has no deterrent effect," Sellin, an ardent but honest opponent of capital punishment, replied, "No, there is no such conclusion." Despite considerable advances in methods of analysis I think that, as yet, it has not been proved conclusively that capital punishment deters more than life imprisonment, or that it does not. However, the preponderance of evidence now does tend to show that capital punishment deters more than alternative punishments. Professor Layson's paper will add to that preponderance. But many attempts will be made to refute it, and, in all likelihood, the verdict will still be that the statistics are not conclusive.



"You're way up there, but you're not way, way up there."

What are we to deduce? Obviously people fear death more than life imprisonment. Only death is final. Where there is life there is hope. Actual murderers feel that way: 99.9 per cent prefer life imprisonment to death. So will prospective murderers. What is feared most deters most. Possibly, statistics do not show this clearly, because there are so few executions compared to the number of murders. It is even possible that the uncertain prospect of execution deters so few not already deterred by the prospect of life imprisonment that there is no statistical trace. Yet, if by executing convicted murderers there is any chance, even a mere possibility, of deterring future murderers, I think we should execute them. The life even of a few victims who may be spared seems infinitely precious to me. The life of the convicted murderer has but negative value. His crime has forfeited it.

OPPONENTS of capital punishment usually admit that their opposition has little to do with statistical data. When asked whether they would favor the death penalty if it were shown conclusively that each execution deters, say, one hundred murders, such opponents as Ramsey Clark (former U.S. attorney general) or Henry Schwarzschild (ACLU) resoundingly say no. But neither likes the inference that must be drawn: that he is more interested in keeping murderers alive than in sparing their victims, that he values the life of a convicted murderer more than the life of innocent victims. Those who do not share this bizarre valuation will favor capital punishment.

For beyond deterrence, or possible deterrence, there is justice. The thought that the man who cruelly and deliberately slaughtered your child for fun or profit is entitled peacefully to live out his days at taxpayers' expense, playing

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. van den Haag is John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University in New York City.

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AFRICA'S SOUTH

A BOOK RECENTLY published in Zurich, *Was wird aus Sudafrika?* (*What Will Become of South Africa?*), by Dietrich Ortlieb and Dieter Loesch, has attracted considerable attention in open-minded circles. It deals with the prospect of a thoroughly democratized South Africa in which all forms of apartheid have been abolished and the one-man/one-vote system has been adopted. Its thesis is greatly discomfiting to our leftist progressives.

Ortlieb and Loesch point out that, thanks to the privileged position of the whites and the advantages enjoyed by the "coloreds" and, above all, by the Indians, South Africa is a mixture of the First and the Third World, the former sustaining the latter. If the First World part collapses (which is what the progressives in America and Europe are hysterically trying to achieve), the situation of the black tribes in South Africa will become even more desolate than the current situation of blacks in the rest of Africa. The main reason is urbanization. The urban sector accounted for 23 per cent of the South African population in 1900, 42 per cent in 1955; it will account for more than 70 per cent by the end of this century, with the black urban element increasing far more rapidly than the other racial groups. What will these urban masses eat? Who will run the power stations? the railroad system? the security forces? the key enterprises? The authors see no practicable alternative to the present regime.

The real problem of South Africa is not the segregation, which has been steadily receding since I was there for the first time in 1959, but the obsession of the entire globe with democracy. To what extent, we must ask, is the vast majority of South African blacks intellectually and practically prepared to assume the social, economic, and political leadership in a highly industrialized country? Naïve Americans sometimes point out to me that blacks in the United States become mayors of large cities and play an important part in social and commercial life. But these American "blacks" would be called "colored" (i.e., of mixed race) in South Africa; as such, they would have political representation (as do the very prosperous Indians). American blacks are really BASPS, Brown Anglo-Saxon Protestants. They have been Christians for centuries, and are integrated into Western civilization. Driven by a romantic urge, some American blacks have emigrated to Africa where, even if they are very dark, the natives immediately spot them and laugh at their pretense of being genuine Africans. "The white man looks right out of your face!"

THERE ARE moderate and intelligent Bantu leaders who realize that the general order cannot change overnight. They probably know the Afrikaners better than our leftist intellectuals, artists, and politicians do, and they know that foreign pressures would only stiffen the resolve of these proud and difficult people, who suffered enormously under British rule. (The "concentration camp" was a British invention, during the Boer War.) They also know that sanctions would bring hardships not to the rulers in Pretoria, but to the poorest, the humblest, the really black people. To let them suffer just because this suits leftist ideology, and to encourage them to bloody revolutionary activities to further leftist designs, is immoral and criminal.

The delirious horrors of Mugabe's ZANU warriors in Rhodesia are still fresh in Afrikaner memory. It was the policy of these terrorists—liberally bankrolled by the World Council of Churches—not only to murder supporters of the Ian Smith government, but also to maim them, cutting off their noses, ears, lips, and chins so as to make them "walking deterrents." In 1978 Mrs. Chikombe Madzvidza was forced to roast and then eat parts of her husband's face. The German Lutheran Emergency Committee collected funds to finance cosmetic operations on these victims of WCC-sponsored terrorism. (The Lutheran Church of Lippe-Detmold thereupon left that global organization.)

Today, however, another threat looms in the minds of South Africans: tribal warfare. The white minority in Zimbabwe, which has dwindled from 370,000 to eighty thousand, finds itself crushed in the bitter struggle between the Shona majority of President Mugabe's ZANU and the Ndebele (Matabele) minority, which supports the persecuted ZAPU party of Joshua Nkomo. Mugabe plans a national-socialist Marxist one-party state, and against this the Ndebeles, who come out of a true warrior tradition, have rebeled. The result is nothing less than civil war. Torture is freely used in Zimbabwe, and that country's ambassador in Bonn has declared publicly that it is on the road to a one-party state.

What would a democratic, one-party, one-man/one-vote state in South Africa lead to? Racial warfare already has begun not only between the Bantus and the Indians (especially in Durban), but also between Bantu tribes like the Zulus and the Xhosas. The South African government has wisely started to separate these tribes in the Bantu homelands, but they meet in the mixed industrial zone, and also in adjoining homelands. In the recent race riots in England the main victims were not whites but Indians. What, we have to ask, is the *concrete* vision, the master plan of our leftist do-gooders for a "democratic South Africa"?

We are living in the salamian age. The classic salami was made of pork and donkey meat. Our age is a supreme mixture of asinine stupidity and abysmal swinishness. □

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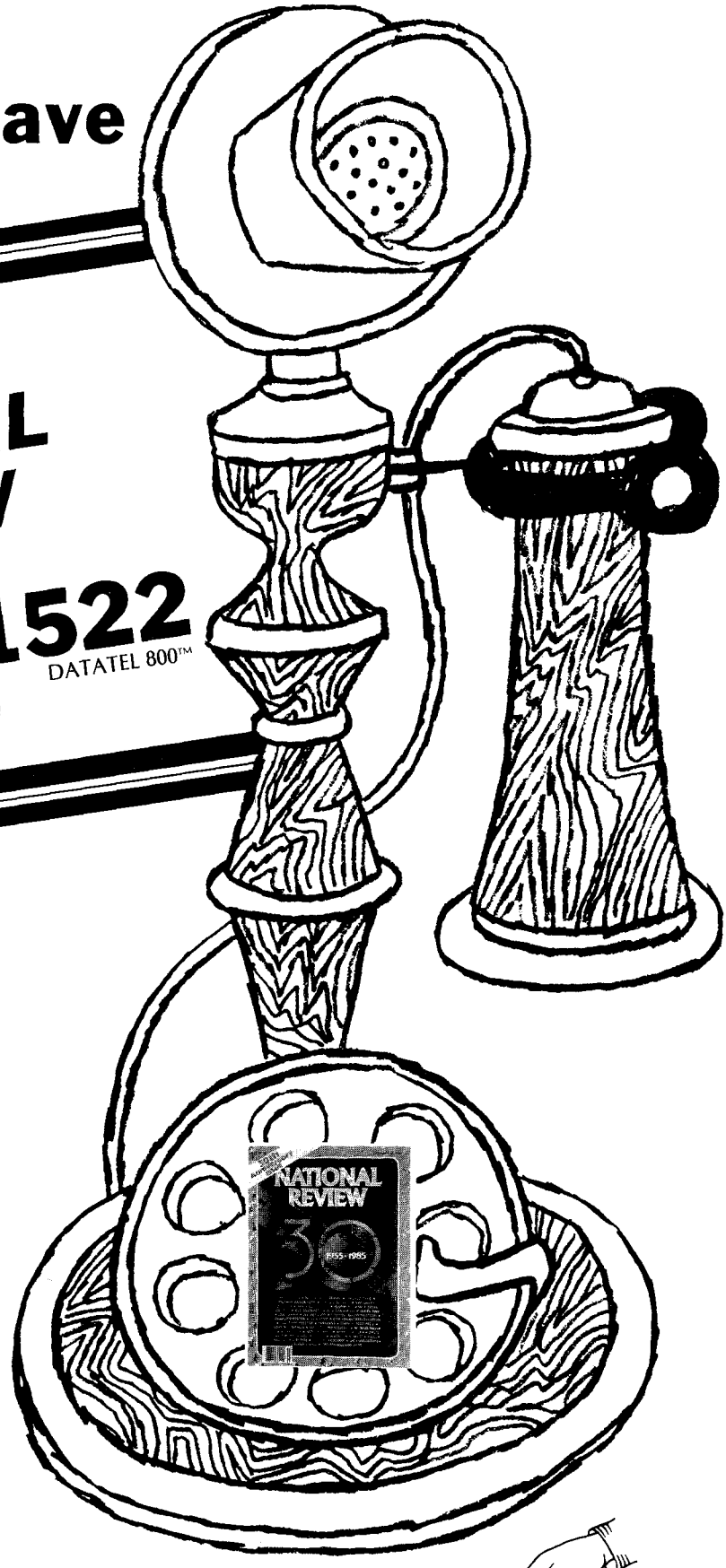

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THE CHURCH WITHIN US

Regis Martin

The Ratzinger Report: An Exclusive Interview on the State of the Church, by Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, with Vittorio Messori (Ignatius Press, 197 pp., $9.95)

ON THE RARE occasions when he had spent the day worrying about the state of the Church, John XXIII would ask himself, "Angelo? Who's running the Church, Angelo or the Holy Spirit? All right, then, go to bed." For the faithful of the Church, concerning whose ultimate governance Angelo Roncalli was never in the least doubt, to think otherwise is to court despair; it is to surrender the very citadel against which the Church had been told that not even the gates of Hell would prevail. But in the confused and chaotic aftermath of Vatican II, word got around that the unthinkable had happened: While Good Pope John serenely slept, sly Old Mother Church had up and married the Spirit of the Age. Leaving her children bereft and, soon after, herself a widow.

An exaggeratedly bleak picture of apostasy, to be sure. But the true picture was enough to move Pope John Paul II to convoke the Extraordinary Synod last fall in order to call the Church back to her own transcendent roots. And move his most able troubleshooter, the redoubtable Joseph Ratzinger, Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, to unburden his mind last summer to an Italian journalist, Vittorio Messori, about the dangers that threaten a Church forgetful of those roots.

The interviews have now been published as *The Ratzinger Report*, required reading for all who have the care of souls. It is a compendium of what went wrong in the heady days after the Council:

> Developments since the Council seem to be in striking contrast to the expectations of all, beginning with those of John XXIII and Paul VI . . . What the Popes and the Council Fathers were expecting was a new Catholic unity, and instead one has encountered a dissension which —to use the words of Paul VI—seems to have passed over from self-criticism to self-destruction. There had been the expectation of a new enthusiasm, and instead too often it has ended in boredom and discouragement. There had been the expectation of a step forward, and instead one found oneself facing a progressive process of decadence that to a large measure has been unfolding under the sign of a summons to a presumed "spirit of the Council" and by so doing has actually and increasingly discredited it.

Scrubbed down, the problem is ecclesiology, i.e., the Church's understanding of herself. While evidence of disintegration may be found anywhere —from depleted pews, rectories, and religious houses, with not a few survivors in a state either of shell-shock or of mutiny; to aberrations of liturgy, catechetics, and morality—what remains at the heart of the Church's crisis is the failure to understand who she is. And this, paradoxically, at a time when ecclesial self-understanding, sublimely expressed in *Lumen Gentium*, Vatican II's Dogmatic Constitution on the Church, had achieved maximum penetration.

To an alarming extent, Ratzinger argues, opinion since the Council has coalesced around various reductionist models of the Church, her nature and mission; the tendency of each has been to view her as so many disposable parts harnessed to ends entirely set by men. Is the Church really only externality, a thing to be manipulated as one would any institution fashioned out of history? "Many no longer believe that what is at issue is a reality willed by the Lord Himself. Even with some theologians, the Church appears to be a human construction, an instrument created by us and one which we ourselves can freely reorganize according to the requirements of the moment."

Reid Buckley, with authors Thomas Landess and Richard Quinn, edits The Southern Partisan *in Columbia, South Carolina.*

Wayne Lutton, co-author with Palmer Stacey of The Immigration Time Bomb, *published by the American Immigration Control Foundation, Monterey, Virginia, is a policy analyst with The Summit, Manitou Springs, Colorado.*

Regis Martin is finishing his doctorate in Sacred Theology at the Angelicum in Rome, and is working on a book about Flannery O'Connor. He is married and the father of three children.

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of Hemingway: A Biography, *and many other works of biography and criticism.*

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Certainly the Church's membership consists of fallen human beings (why else was she instituted if not to help redeem them?), at liberty more or less to reshape her external visage. "But behind this, the fundamental structures are willed by God Himself, and therefore they are inviolable. Behind the *human* exterior stands the mystery of a *more than human* reality, in which reformers, sociologists, organizers have no authority whatsoever."

Indeed, at the deepest level, the Church, like her analogue, the moon, radiates a light belonging wholly to Another, to Christ. "The essence of the Church," Ratzinger has written elsewhere, "is that it counts for nothing in itself, in that the thing about it that counts is what it is not, in that it exists only to be dispossessed, in that it possesses a light that it is not and because of which alone it nonetheless is." And thus, he later insisted before the Synod, it is of utmost importance that the Church understand herself primarily as mystery, as the sacrament of Someone transcendent to herself. "The division of power in the Church could not be the central theme of the Synod. Moreover a Church that speaks too much of herself, that is too concerned with herself, does not in truth speak well of herself."

Of Whom she is meant to speak could not be more plain; the Church is charged with speaking the Word of One Who remains the perpetual font of her being, her fruitfulness. This, by the way, is the thread running through all the documents of Vatican II, which Ratzinger is at considerable pains to retrace. The trouble is that hardly anyone has read those documents. And, in any case, for the progressive wing, the whole conciliar experience has ceased to matter very much; it was at best a launching pad for additional reforms that, according to Ratzinger, have led to "the unleashing *within* the Church of latent polemical and centrifugal forces." These forces, in combination with the Church's "confrontation with a cultural revolution in the West," have nearly succeeded in wrecking the enterprise altogether.

Does Ratzinger have a practical solution for what ails the Church? In a word, yes: sanctity. "Every council, in order really to yield fruit, must be followed by a wave of holiness. Thus it was after Trent, and it achieved its aim of real reform precisely for this reason." The ground of that renewal of which the Council spoke twenty years ago is personal sanctity. And here, Ratzinger notes, our greatest and most obvious exemplar is Mary. It is Mary who reveals in her own life the truth about the Church, which neither apparatus nor power nor any configuration of men can explain: that the Church is finally a Person, a Woman, a Mother. "We cannot *make* the Church," concludes Ratzinger, in a Conference on the Ecclesiology of the Council given on the eve of the Synod, "we must *be* her. And only to the extent that faith, beyond our *doings*, molds our *being*, are we Church, is the Church within us. Only in being Marian do we become Church. Even in the beginning, the Church was not made, but generated. She was generated when in the soul of Mary there awakened the *fiat*. This is the most profound desire of the Council: that the Church awaken within our souls. Mary shows us the way." □

TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS POWER

Joseph Sobran

Family and Nation, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Harcourt Brace, 207 pp., $12.95)

DANIEL Patrick Moynihan argues that "no government, however firm might be its wish otherwise, can avoid having policies that profoundly influence family relationships. This is not to be avoided. The only option is whether these will be purposeful, intended policies or whether they will be residual, derivative, in a sense concealed ones."

Family and Nation is an attempt to sketch a centrist national family policy acceptable to both conservatives and liberals. It's a gently challenging book, written with a graceful respect for contending perspectives. But I confess it leaves me confused.

Senator Moynihan quotes Bernanos: "The worst, the most corrupting lies are problems poorly stated." I think Moynihan states the problem poorly himself when he moves from the proposition that federal policies may have

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serious impact on the family to the logically unrelated proposition that we need a federal policy directed specifically at the family.

It's not clear to me whether Moynihan wants to say that the Johnson Administration, in which he served, did a lot of wonderful things and should get a lot of credit, or that it really didn't do all that much and shouldn't be blamed for its aftermath. He does say that conservative critics like Charles Murray haven't made the empirical case that anti-poverty measures have not only failed but backfired.

Well, it's fair to ask conservatives who say those measures don't work whether that means they would favor them if they *did* work. "There have been more successes," says Moynihan, "than we seem to want to know." Maybe. At the bottom of the empirical disputes are warring visions of how society should be organized. Let us lay our cards on the table: Conservatives just don't like the way liberals want to "share" the wealth.

Moynihan wants to salvage the Great Society's reputation and advance its goals, though he is not an out-and-out collectivist. He also wants the U.S. to follow the example of European countries that treat the family, rather than the individual, as the focal unit of public policy.

He offers an excellent reason for thinking as he does: "There can be, there is, no equality of social condition between groups, or generations, without some equivalence of social structure, for good or ill." The problem at hand is the black family. Blacks, it is now widely agreed, won't catch up with whites as long as the black family is in ruins.

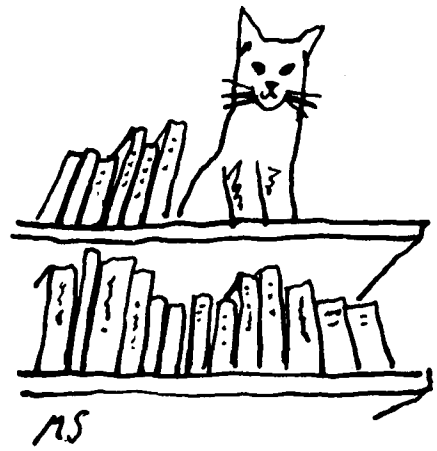
Moynihan cites a pair of pregnant facts. The first is that by 1970, black families *had* pretty much caught up with white families in income. The second is that blacks, as a whole, nonetheless lost ground vis-à-vis whites during the Seventies.

But Moynihan resists blaming the welfare state for this. This runs against the current conservative wisdom, but Moynihan says, "Much is counterintuitive in our politics." And he cites statistics that seem to back him up in saying that welfare doesn't produce all that much dependency or cause the dissolution of families. I can't argue with him, but I just don't believe it. Call it *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, but I don't think it's accidental that the rise in crime and illegitimacy among the poor has followed so closely on the heels of programs intended to help them. Moynihan blames the drug traffic (and he seems to have a strong point in saying that the Federal Government has been extremely lax in fighting it) and the tax structure (which, under the pressure of inflation, has seriously increased the burden of low-income families).

One of Moynihan's major theses is that the real change in the shape of poverty has been less its "feminization" than, so to speak, its juvenilization: The young are the only age group that is disproportionately poor. Thanks to various federal programs, the elderly have made a killing on the politics of redistribution; after all, they vote, and kids don't. And only 38 per cent of those who vote are people supporting children. So the pattern of poverty reflects the form redistribution takes under political pressure.

How should it be otherwise? The lesson of all this would seem to be that, democracy being what it is, the redistributionist's ideal allocation of wealth is bound to be distorted by the actual allocation of political power. Maybe we should just give up on either democracy or, better, the politics of redistribution. But Moynihan, so realistic in many ways, still seems to hope for an impracticable fine-tuning of the economy. He won't concede that as long as the nation's wealth is up for grabs politically, it's power, not need, that will decide the outcome. And naturally the old will get richer while the young get poorer.

Moynihan tries to get the Great Society off the hook somewhat by pointing out that it didn't really fund its programs all that heavily. He castigates the Reagan Administration for its spending levels, while pointing out that Lyndon Johnson was inhibited by the fear of being labeled a "big spender." Well, if LBJ was in fact thus inhibited, that can only be a tribute to inhibitions that have long since ceased to operate. After all, he, more than anyone else, let the spending genie out of the bottle; after him it has been politically difficult *not* to spend big. It seems disingenuous to deny him his obvious legacy. If President Reagan proposed cutting Great Society programs back to the funding levels of Lyndon Johnson, I shudder to think of the names Senator Moynihan would call him—speaking of labeling. Reagan labors under a new set of inhibitions, as the senior senator from New York should very well know. □



MARCHING TO JUBILO

Reid Buckley

Jesse Jackson and the Politics of Race, by Thomas Landess and Richard Quinn (Jameson, 269 pp., $19.95)

THE REVEREND Jesse Jackson is some piece of work. A middle-echelon factotum in Martin Luther King Jr.'s Southern Christian Leadership Conference who never enjoyed his leader's confidence or esteem, he fraudulently wrapped himself in the fallen leader's bloody mantle on the night of the assassination 18 years ago, declaring before the TV cameras, "Yes, I was the last man in the world King spoke to." A bald-faced lie. He had been downstairs at the time of the shooting.

As the evidence demonstrates, Jesse Jackson has made a career of parlaying a devious talent for self-promotion into the big time. He is show-biz, a media event, intellectually about as profound as a television commercial, but not entirely insubstantial. There is a dark messianic purpose in the man that warrants attention.

Authors Richard Quinn and Thomas Landess critically decoct Jackson's career subsequent to the shooting that first gave him a taste of the limelight. He went back to Chicago, where he had been assigned by King to Operation Breadbasket, which used the economic leverage of blacks to wrest employment from white-run businesses.

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Jackson claims the idea as his own, another lie. It originated in 1962 with the Reverend Leon Sullivan of Philadelphia, who, by marshaling the moral sway of black ministers over their congregations, initiated boycotts. He was sensationally successful, cracking Gulf Oil and thirty other leading companies. A decade later Jesse Jackson would fully develop the strategy in a remarkable speech called "The Kingdom Theory," wherein he rang the carillon for "black community, black cooperation, black pride—all keynotes," as Quinn and Landess observe, "in the rhetoric of a new breed of leader in the Seventies, one concerned less with old laws than with new opportunities."

Out of this came Jackson's several Operations PUSH, of which the most famous and imaginative was PUSH Excel. Black students from the ghettos were exhorted to study, to pull themselves up by their bootstraps. The Jackson oratorical style was rarely more pungent. "We've got to get the dope out of our veins and hope into our brains," he roared at cheering young toughs. "You may be in the slums," he told them, "but don't let the slums be in you . . . Nobody can save us from us but us."

Whites flipped for this un-self-pitying language. An impressed Joseph Califano, then Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW), sent a $400,000 contribution, picking Jackson to be the principal speaker for the 1978 HEW-organized National Conference on Excellence, where he electrified the audience by shouting, "If we are to close the gap and catch up, we must do so by disciplining our appetites, engaging in ethical conduct, and developing our minds." Donations sloshed in by the bucket; but, as Quinn and Landess go on to show, there was—as with anything *organized* by Jesse Jackson—more rhetoric than substance; his accounts were a mess, and, relative to the publicity, little tangible was accomplished in the way of improved school attendance or performance by young blacks.

On the other hand, who ever expected Jeremiah to run a camel caravan? Organization isn't the function of prophets. Jackson is part moral uplifter in the tradition of George Washington Carver, Walter White, King, and Abernathy, but part also—the dark part—black separatist. In rejecting the black-as-victim complex of the old-line civil-rights leaders, Jackson goes beyond resuscitating black pride. He tips over into revolutionary ideological territory, promoting a xenophobic racial self-consciousness that was no part of Martin Luther King's thinking.

Sometime in this year of Our Lord 1986—maybe as you are reading these words—the Black Muslims of the United States are scheduled to rise up and massacre you. This is a promise. It comes from the mouth of Louis Farrakhan, chief priest, or whatever, of the late Elijah Muhammad's Nation of Islam, according to whose creationist myth whites are a race of devils to be eradicated from the face of the earth. The chapter on the origins and creed of the Black Muslims is fascinating. They are no joke. They have perpetrated brutal murders. Muslims have been told that if they kill nine white men they will win a trip to the "New Mecca" (Chicago), "and if they wanted . . . a short cut they could kill five white women or four white children."

Since 1972 the increasingly vicious Farrakhan has been a close associate of Jackson's. He was at Jackson's elbow during much of the 1984 presidential campaign. He accompanied Jackson on the pilgrimage to Damascus, where Jesse negotiated with his other good pal, Hafez al-Assad, for the release of Lieutenant Robert Goodman.

Jackson has often adopted Nation of Islam code words, some of which are murderous in their import. Having solidly established that Jackson half truly hankers for the cathartic Year of Jubilo, "nation time," when long scores will be settled, Landess and Quinn conclude—I think charitably—that the man is no more than a black populist in the style of Bilbo, Talmadge, and the Kingfish, conceiving himself as the Moses of a downtrodden people. What he was running for in 1984 is the Presidency of black Americans, which is why he took the politically risky steps of hobnobbing with our most vitriolic enemies in the Middle East, Cuba, and Nicaragua, carving out not only an independent foreign policy, but one that is hostile to the interests of the United States. You see, the "Rainbow Coalition" was persiflage. Jesse Jackson's message to blacks is that they should in no way identify with the evil white hegemony. So much for "I have a dream!"

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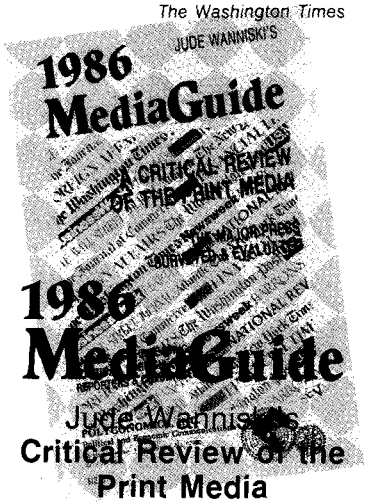

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The book is flawed by instances of carelessness. If you search a reference in the index (try Khadafy, Muammar), you are directed to wrong pages. There are niggling little typos. Pie on page 33 is described as being sliced into "slivers so thin you could see through them to the bottom of the pan." Sources for direct quotations are not always cited. The authors speak of "an apocalypse in which blacks rise up" in "a kind of latter-day Santo Domingo following a 'night of the long knives.'" (What they surely refer to is the slave revolt in Haiti of 1791, or Jean Jacques Dessalines's 1804 massacre.) But these are trifles. Treat yourself to a gripping portrait of a dangerous demagogue. □

RANDOM NOTES

□ LEFT OVER FROM JANUARY: *Modigliani* (Rizzoli, $19.95), by Claude Roy, is a reprinting of the 1958 essay, accompanied this time by 176 illustrations, of which 93 are reproduced in color: an elegant and fascinating study of the Italian sculptor-turned-painter and bohemian reactionary who as an artist worked as the direct descendant of the masters of the Italian Renaissance.

□ MORE FEBRUARY TITLES: In *Thinking Back: The Perils of Writing History* (Louisiana, $12.95), C. Vann Woodward reflects upon his career as an historian, activist, and "liberal realist" for whom "correction of error and the alteration of viewpoint are neither surprising nor terribly embarrassing."

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Black: The Memoirs of Hugo L. Black and Elizabeth Black (Random House, $22.95), by Hugo L. Black and Elizabeth Black, and with a foreword by William J. Brennan Jr., consists of a biographical fragment left by the liberal Supreme Court Justice at his death in 1971, which accounts for a quarter of the volume, the remainder of which is rather unsatisfyingly made up by the diary kept by his second wife and former secretary.

□ COMING IN MARCH: In *The Mormon Corporate Empire* (Beacon, $19.95), John Heinerman and Anson Shupe investigate the workings of that $8-billion, five-million-member colossus, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, which they describe as a "rising, authoritarian, powerful group" whose goal is to take "political and economic control" of the United States in preparation for the Second Coming.

Marriage and Morals among the Victorians (Knopf, $19.95), by Gertrude Himmelfarb, is a volume of 11 essays in defense of the supposedly "outmoded" moral values of Victorian England, ridiculed even in their own time by such writers as Nietzsche, abroad, and later by the Bloomsbury circle at home.

The White House Mess (Knopf, $16.95), by Christopher Buckley, employs the literary form of the White House memoir to recount the pratfalls of the Democratic Tucker Administration as recounted and amplified by one Herbert Wadlough.

—CW

WHAT, ME WORRY?

Wayne Lutton

How Do Immigrants Affect Us Economically?, by Julian L. Simon (Center for Immigration Policy and Refugee Assistance, Georgetown University, et al., 103 pp., $3)

IMMIGRATION REFORM promises to be one of the most hotly debated topics of this and coming years. The Reagan Administration now supports legislation that would penalize employers who knowingly hire illegal aliens. Attorney General Edwin Meese has testified that aliens take jobs from citizens and lawful residents, declaring before a Senate panel, "Vast as our country may be, and dynamic as our free economy undoubtedly is, the U.S. simply cannot throw its doors open to the world." Yet not everyone agrees that we need to "do something" about immigration. For several years now, Julian Simon, an economics professor at the University of Maryland, has argued that, essentially, the U.S. has no immigration "problem" at all. Simon asserts that immigrants—legal and illegal combined—are raising our standard of living, not lowering it. Far from restricting immigration, Simon urges us to increase it, though he concedes that if a billion Orientals, Africans, and South Americans were to suddenly arrive, "everything would *at first* be in terrible shape."

How Do Immigrants Affect Us Economically? is a concise, and highly revealing, summation of his views. Considering how often he is quoted in the national press and cited by trusting conservatives, this book is a genuine disappointment. Upon examination, most of Simon's contentions are open to serious question. He frequently ignores recent findings that contradict his main arguments, which, as often as not, he attempts to bolster by selectively referring to outdated or simply irrelevant data.

One way that Simon seeks to minimize our immigration problem is by grossly understating the number of illegal aliens now residing here, as well as the number who annually enter. He depends on a 1978 estimate by the notoriously inaccurate Census Bureau to back his claim that only three and a half to five million illegal aliens currently reside in the U.S., and that no more than 250,000 illegals are added to our illegal-alien population every year. Maurice Inman, general counsel of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), reported this past December that 13 to 15 million illegals now live in our country. Ten per cent of the population of El Salvador resides in California, and there are at least two million illegals living in the Los Angeles area. Simon overlooks the research of Daniel Vining of the University of Pennsylvania, who discovered that every year several hundred thousand people legally enter the U.S. on tourist or student visas, and then disappear into the country. Add these visa "overstays" to those who illegally cross our virtually unguarded borders with Mexico and Canada, plus the high numbers of legally admitted aliens and "refugees," and you end up with what it is not unreasonable to characterize as a "flood" of immigrants.

In his chapter on "Welfare, Taxes, & the Public Coffers," Simon asserts that aliens rarely use social services and, in any case, contribute much more in taxes than they receive in benefits. "Concerning illegal aliens, now," he continues, "the evidence is clear and strong that they do not use welfare services because they are young and strong, and also because they cannot use such services without fear of the law." Here again, Simon employs dated (1975) figures, and he pointedly fails to acknowledge more recent findings that document the growing and often heavy use of welfare and social services by both legal and illegal aliens. (It was recently reported, for example, that Los Angeles is suing the United States Government for stagger-

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ing expenses incurred by illegal aliens in the maternity wards of county hospitals.)

The new wave of immigrants now entering our country is *not* composed merely of single young men who leave their families behind and work here a few weeks or months of the year, and then return home. The profile of immigration has changed dramatically. People of all ages are coming in, often bringing their families and friends. Third World colonies have sprung up in major metropolitan areas, with a large portion of their income support coming from federal and state social assistance, as Rice University economist Donald Huddle, among others, points out. Immigration expert David North, cited elsewhere by Simon, recently noted: "Generally illegal aliens have shown more interest and willingness to apply for welfare than we all figured they would just a few years ago." In Los Angeles County, illegal aliens represented 22.9 per cent of the total patients and accounted for 64 per cent of the births at county hospitals in 1983. Florida has been spending an average of $500 million annually to meet the welfare demands of Cubans and Haitians. Aliens' previous fear of deportation if they were caught applying for and obtaining benefits is evaporating thanks to the efforts of "immigrant-rights" advocacy groups, which have brought law suits resulting in the rescinding or non-enforcement of proof-of-eligibility requirements. The Supreme Court, in its 1982 decision *Plyler* v. *Doe* and *In Re Alien Children*, held that children of illegal aliens are covered by the Equal Protection Clause of the Constitution and are thus entitled to free public education. Justice Powell, who voted with the majority, admitted that this decision could open the door to many future benefits for illegal aliens.

Simon denies that immigrants contribute to native unemployment. Once again, he fails to account for studies by Donald Huddle, Vernon Briggs at Cornell, Barry Chiswick at the University of Illinois–Chicago Circle, and Jan Luytjes at Florida International University, who reveal a pattern of substantial displacement of citizens from jobs. Most directly affected by aliens are low-skilled, low-wage American workers, especially minorities and teenagers. Their displacement is not one for one, but, according to Huddle,

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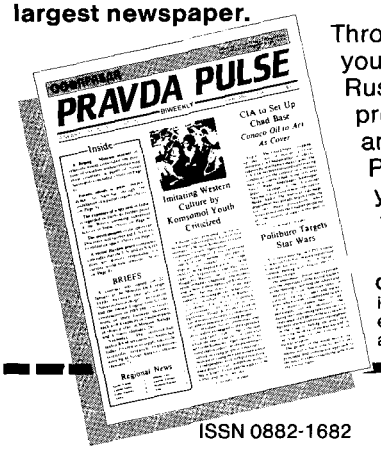

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averages 65 Americans for every one hundred employed aliens. Such job displacement costs U.S. taxpayers an additional $25 to $30 billion annually.

This study betrays a side of Julian Simon that some of his conservative supporters may not be aware of. He intimates that Americans should feel guilty about our relative prosperity, and suggests that admitting more and more immigrants "affords us the luxury of feeling charitable," a re-statement of what R. J. Rushdoony describes as "the politics of guilt and pity." Simon discounts opinion polls that, he admits, give indications of widespread public support for immigration reform, since "there has been no active public protest in the form of, say, riots . . ." He muses that it would be to our "national economic self-interest"—if we welcomed the creation of more immigrant colonies in the U.S., retaining strong ties to their native countries and leading to "something of a hostage effect here." We already have vocal bands of immigrants trying to influence U.S. policy toward Central America. How the proliferation of such pockets of potential divisiveness stands to benefit U.S. policy elsewhere escapes this reviewer.

In this same discussion, Simon, in effect, calls for an open-borders immigration policy, remarking, "We do *not* need to consider the ethical basis of simply drawing a boundary line around our nation and saying that those who are lucky enough to be born within the line are entitled to wealth and opportunity that we choose to deny to others for selfish reasons." This suggests that, deep down, Simon is uncomfortable with the whole concept of the nation-state, at least as it applies to our country—a remarkable attitude for one who, at last report, was a Senior Fellow at the Heritage Foundation.

Uncontrolled immigration is blurring the distinction between citizen and non-citizen, between lawful and unlawful resident. The legal fabric that holds the nation together is being compromised. Julian Simon provides no compelling reason to dissuade one from concluding that immigration reform is an absolute and immediate necessity. □

FICTION

THAT TRIVIAL FINESSE

D. Keith Mano

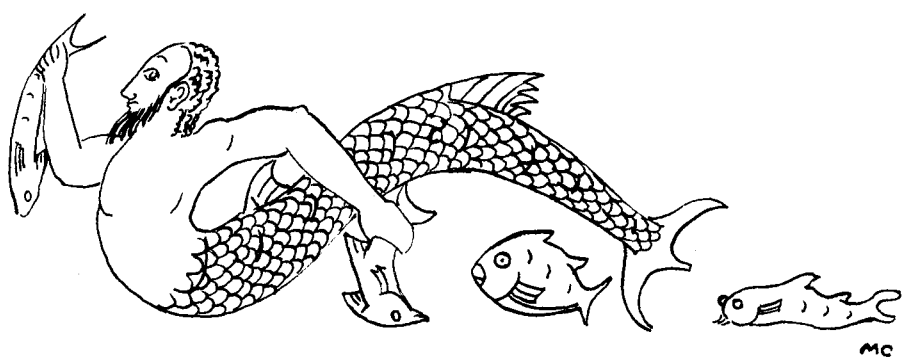
World's Fair, by E. L. Doctorow (Random House, 288 pp., $17.95)

"ON THE kitchen ceiling was a wooden rack with a clothesline strung up on it; you let it down like a shade by means of a rope attached to the wall, and you dried your clothes that way." I read this sentence and, time warp, was back in our 1947 apartment on Thayer Street. To feel again the mossy groping of wet hems hung from that weird trellis. And our kitchen water pipe, whose spent, blistered silver paint I broke open under my five-year-old thumbnail. While Mother let me play postman with old World War II ration-stamp books. Or let me turn the meat-grinder handle, cuisine-sweat, C-clamped to our cabinet shelf edge. Or . . .

Well, *World's Fair* is sure a sweet mnemonic device. I was enfolded by it: first time I've felt nostalgia for someone else's life. Doctorow can punch a special inner clock. Narrative line, in fact, was often disrupted by my wild, elaborate associations. Yet the protagonist, Edgar, and I aren't an exact fit: I'm younger, Christian not Jewish, born several New York City miles south. Would this novel patch into the vibrating diaphragm of, oh, some twenty-year-old from San Francisco? Am I an inappropriate reporter here: is my enthusiasm particular? Maybe. Then again, a twenty-year-old from San Francisco would probably prefer Gestalt-O-Rama to fiction. Doctorow has had success, in part, because he writes for our last live reading generation. The rest is MTV and topless radio.

I've never gotten my *déjà vu* second hand before. And Doctorow is a past master not merely because he took good three-by-five-card notes or "re-created the period." Because, unlike Proust, he can isolate just that piece of *madeleine* we *both* have eaten. His imagery is commonplace, yet central: some trite object, some event forgotten now and not well perceived even then. The *tshotchkes* of life that, suddenly brought up, flag widening recollection. Think now, you who were born before 1945—how many of these resonate in your past *perdu*. Dumbwaiter rope. Punchboard. The block pedals on a bike. Sulfanilamide. Your pencil box. A wool bathing suit. Kazoos with tissue membrane. The Green Hornet. A postage-stamp union label on rye bread. Stan Lomax's voice. Emmett Kelly. The thin rubber tube in a fountain pen. I have this fading portrait of me: apparently the same photographer went far south down from Doctorow's neighborhood to snap my picture on his old, unscenic, blindered pony.

In 2500 A.D, you realize, Jewish-American experience will dominate and shade our historical record. The documentation can only overwhelm archivists. What comparable evidence is there for black or Hispanic or even WASP culture in America? We will all be Hittites, just about: known to have existed from occasional mention in the Semitic chronicle. This is probably so because Jews possess a terrific historical sense—maybe because they also possess a developed sense of exposure and impending annihilation. Anne Frank *wrote*. Life should be registered: with written memorabilia you can preserve a fragile race (and a fragile personality). All people, to be sure, have some historical instinct, but the Jewish is most democratic. Not just U. S. Grant's cigar, but one your father smoked as well. Hero and battle and political act—and that washboard leaning diagonally in a sink. Jews are persuaded that self, even least self, will gather significance around: intellect or art can extrapolate from it.



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This is, indeed, the modern novelist's central, leveling sensibility.

Yet, in that familiar genre—urban Jewish *Bildungsroman*—Doctorow doesn't quite play first chair. He misses, for instance, the reach and special votive light of *Old World, New World* by Mark Dintenfass, which treated wholly similar material. Doctorow has an ingratiating, frank style, but his trivial finesse itself is distortive. Major incidents—appendix removal, *Hindenburg*, 1939 fair—seem unspecific and cursory in contrast with those elegant minutiae. After all I never saw the *Hindenburg* and I've still got an appendix: that overhead kitchen rack is more momentous. Good as they are, by comparison they feel contrived, *fictional*: and, unfortunately, they also bear Doctorow's plot thrust—a progress from myopic childhood vision to that larger household furniture, Trylon and Perisphere, to what they symbolize both for America and for Edgar on his way up, out. A lens change is needed, that or more text: otherwise you can't easily rack-fade from close-up to master shot without some consequential blurring.

In 1939 the time capsule was buried. They "put articles of common use . . . like a wind-up alarm clock, a can opener, and a toothbrush." In imitation Edgar will inter his Tom Mix Decoder Badge and two Tootsy Toy lead rockets. And now Doctorow has made yet another deposit here. A time capsule can have its own instructive and delicious purpose, beyond the quibble of literary criticism. □

TRAVEL

MACABRE MEXICO

Jeffrey Meyers

NO CONNECTING flight from Puerto Vallarta to Manzanillo, halfway down the Pacific coast to Acapulco, so we made a dash for the bus, rumbling through the rutted streets of the town in a crowded old van. We had been told that a first-class bus left at 3:30 P.M. We reached the station at 3:28 and learned that they had no bus that day—or any other day. We then rushed round the corner, found a third-class bus that left at four, and

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took six jolting hours to travel 150 miles south.

The bus had seats, in the technical sense. There was a metal frame with a thin coating of plastic, but no actual support. So my bottom sagged downward as we pushed through the lush vegetation of the subtropical jungle. While the light lasted, we saw banana plantations and wild pigs, egrets and flamingos eating shrimp in the swamps. After sunset, when the bus became dark and quiet—except for the hacking and spitting on the floor—we heard the high nervous giggle of an old lady, which turned out to be the clucking of a hen, hidden beneath a passenger's coat.

Scarcely anyone spoke English in Santiago Bay, and foreigners were few. The beach was so unspoiled that it was difficult to get bread, water, juice, coffee, vegetables, or potatoes at the humble restaurants. But they did have fresh cantaloupe, watermelon, mango, pineapple, and papaya; unusual ice-cream flavors: peanut, rice, coconut, and prune; fine shrimp and red snapper (*huachinango*); and a dozen rock-pried oysters for only two dollars. Though the dollar went up three pesos each week, the soaring inflation kept pace with it. Mexico is no longer cheap. Our seedy hotel, which charged $16 in 1979, charged $42 now.

Sharp-billed pelicans dived clumsily for fish, and a dozen dolphins circled and leaped through the sea. In the mornings a large, curved fishing net, pulled by three men on each side, brought in a good catch. As the net reached the shore, thousands of silvery minnows jumped out into the sunlight like shards of shattered glass. The fishermen threw back the slimy, flat rays and the spiky blowfish, which inflated from flat to round as the mongrels tried to pick them up without getting spines in their noses.

There is nothing to see in the town of Manzanillo except thousands of starlings clutching the electric wires that are strung around the benches and bandstand of the *zócalo*, or main square. The peanut vendor had attached a piece of string to the wire above his stand, and he gave it a periodic pull so the birds would not settle too comfortably and soil his head. "Sights are an irritating bore," D. H. Lawrence wrote of Nuoro in Sardinia. "Thank heaven there isn't a bit of Perugino or anything Pisan in the place: that I know of. Happy is the town that has nothing to show."

We flew up to Guadalajara and rented the last cheap Volkswagen in the city at $50 per day plus petrol. We had to wait a longish time while they put on new tires, which seemed to be a good sign, and then impatiently drove off to explore the interior. We soon discovered that the windows did not lock and that the wind-screen was jaggedly cracked. The gas gauge was broken, the emergency brake did not hold, and the horn was silent. The car was as dusty as an attic, and a nauseating stench of oil boiled off the engine.

We gamely drove off toward Guanajuato, through an empty scrub and desert landscape, sprinkled with desolate villages. The town, six thousand feet high, snakes along a steep spine above a canyon, like Taormina or Santorini. The birthplace of the painter Diego Rivera was built with the treasure from silver mines and boasts the beautiful Teatro Juárez, meticulously constructed in the Moorish style in 1893. The place was packed for the Christmas holidays, and we found it difficult to make our way past the listless beggars on the narrow streets.

The extraordinary attraction of Guanajuato is a great hall filled with mummified bodies, eighty to 150 years old. They were naturally preserved by the high altitude and dry climate, and stacked up in glass cases. More spectacular than the pharaonic variety, this immense mortuary suggested the Last Judgment. Some corpses were garbed, some skeletal; some were crumpled, some still standing. They had fanged teeth, congealed eyeballs, collapsed breasts, wisps of matted pubic hair, and flattened penises that looked like empty pea pods. A tiny infant in baptismal clothes, *la más pequeña momia del mundo*, was frozen into a strange position: large dome-like head, squashed face and mouth open in a silent scream.

Mexico is filled with grotesque and gruesome sights straight out of Goya. In San Miguel de Allende, a hill town one hour east of Guanajuato, I saw a goat being skinned on a tennis court and a shirtless hairy hunchback, with a wedge of spine like a dorsal fin, playing a fair game of basketball. In the plaza, a crowd quietly watched a girl, with a thick trail of saliva running from her diabolic smile, having an epileptic fit. On the way out of town we saw a dead cow, hit by a truck a few days before, and now swollen, fetid, and about to explode. Mexico is much more like Africa than Spain. The landscape is raw and brutal, the cities unfinished and crude. As we approached Guadalajara, I kept thinking: If we break down now we will have only one hundred, or fifty, or 25 miles to go; we can abandon the car on the roadside and get a bus back into town. The car owner seemed surprised that we had actually returned.

We finished up in Puerto Vallarta, which became famous as a resort in 1964 when Richard Burton, with Elizabeth Taylor in tow, made *The Night of the Iguana* at Mismaloya Beach. (Part of the film set is still there.) On New Year's Day the crowds queued in front of all the restaurants, and hawkers plowed up and down the beach selling everything from carpets to old fish on skewers. The tennis court on the hotel roof had a splendid view, but was considerably less than regulation size. If I tried to hit a ball behind the baseline, I risked breaking my racquet or my arm on the back wall.

In the tourist office an elderly widow, traveling alone, asked about the sanitary conditions at a hot-springs spa and was told: "In Mexico, all swimming pools are clean." She inquired

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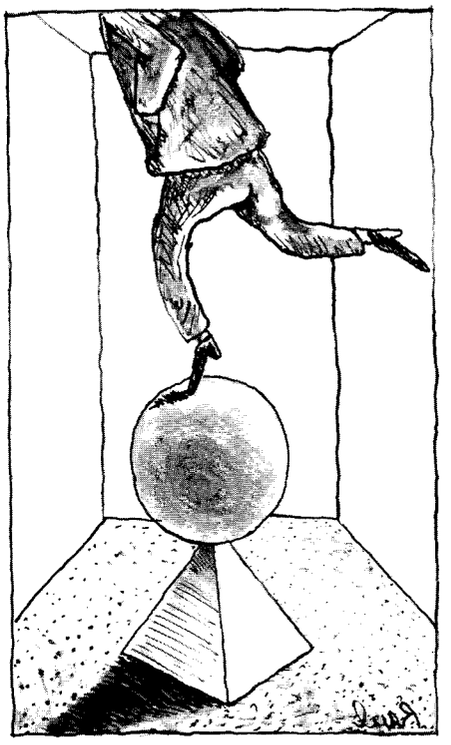
about what she might do in the evenings and the official recommended a nightclub. When she said she would not like to go by herself, he suggested: "Maybe you find friend." A constant struggle took place between wives who wanted to buy things and husbands who would employ any means to stop them. One unattractive woman, when challenged, exclaimed: "*I* don't think it looks putrid on me!"

The highlight of the trip (apart from the mummies) was a parachute ride: six minutes for $15. I put on a life jacket, was strapped into a harness and attached by a rope, several hundred yards long, to a speedboat. When the boat pulled away, the open chute inflated, and I was elevated several stories above the Pacific. There was no fear: only pure, soaring, floating exhilaration. I looked down at my bare toes and, far beneath them, the glittering ripples of the ocean current. I could see the great sweep of the beach, the densely packed jungle climbing up the mountains, and the white deserted beaches at Punta Negra and beyond. As the speedboat towed me over the shoreline, I tugged the harness and landed, like a well-aimed bomb, precisely where I had begun. The parachute ride was considerably safer than the car, and worked better than anything else in Mexico. □



FILM

BORSCHT-BELT BERGMAN

John Simon

IN *Hannah and Her Sisters*, Woody Allen accomplishes the impossible: He makes that great actor, Max von Sydow, look bad for the first time. He who survived everything from *The Kremlin Letter* to *Three Days of the Condor*, from *The Exorcist* to playing Christ in *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, looks dull and insignificant as Frederick, the gruff and anti-social painter with whom sexy, flighty Lee, the youngest of our eponymous sisters, is living. But that is because Allen gives him only an attitude and no character to play. Frederick does not attend the family Thanksgiving dinners given by Hannah, the eldest sister, and he insults his crude would-be customers. He seems to have taught the dilettantish, ex-dipsomaniac Lee everything she knows, but we are not shown any of this; we don't see what brought and holds the two together. We do, however, hear him say to Lee, as she comes home late from love-making with her new man, that she missed a very dull TV show about Auschwitz, and that everyone is always asking the wrong question: How could it have happened? "Given that people are what they are, the question is why doesn't it happen more often?"

How are we to interpret this? The rock star who wants to buy paintings according to size and color is indeed a *nouveau riche* boor, so we sympathize with Frederick for refusing to sell to him. But what about the Auschwitz remark? Is it funny? (Many in the audience laughed.) Wise? Monstrously misanthropic? There isn't a clue in the film to help the actor—or viewer—decide. We get that typical Allen ambiguity that is really a way of shirking responsibility. You can read his characters as sage or silly; his films as tributes or satires. Creative ambiguity multiplies meanings so as to extend or deepen significance; Woody's antithetical meanings cancel each other out. But they are a way of hedging his bets.

That is how it goes throughout. Take this exchange: "Do you like Caravaggio?" "Oh, yes. Who doesn't?" Is that answer informed, snide, or foolish? Or a bluff to cover up ignorance? Nothing about the speaker or the situation provides a clue. A highbrow moviegoer can laugh at the character; a middlebrow, empathize; a lowbrow, gape, awestruck. But the statement has no artistic value. One more example: Holly, the middle sister, a would-be actress and dabbler in cocaine—actually, an all-round dabbler—has met an interesting architect, but April, an actress friend with whom she just started a catering business, steals him from her. Holly fumes: "Where did April come up with that stuff about Adolf Loos and organic space? Well, naturally: She went to Brandeis." People laugh at this, but why? Is mentioning Loos to an architect automatically clever and funny? Or does it label one an intellectual phony? Or is Brandeis a school that breeds phonies, and so the butt of the joke? Or is the word "Brandeis" an immediate laugh-getter among anti-Semitic snobs? Or is the joke on Holly, for blaming April's education instead of her own ignorance? All are possible, but none is really funny; I

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think people laugh nervously and defensively, lest anyone suspect them of not getting some learned reference—which, for the most part, they don't.

All through the film, there are discussions of art, architecture, literature, and music (classical and popular) so trivial as to be meaningless. A poem by E. E. Cummings is "adorable," a Bach concerto is someone's "favorite"—and what are *we* supposed to do? Laugh or admire, feel superior or inferior? And even as the dialogue is an intellectual muddle, the characters are a psychological hodgepodge. Thus Hannah, married to Elliot and mother of a numerous brood, is supposed to be the unwobbling pivot of this extended family, which, at the three Thanksgivings we witness, includes also her sentimentally show-tune-warbling or pettily squabbling ex-actor parents. Hannah herself was a minor actress, but gave it up to be a terrific mother as well as superb wife to Elliot, an investment counselor, though from his speech and actions he could as well be an encyclopedia salesman. Her sisters describe her as "disgustingly perfect." Yet Elliot takes her sister Lee from Frederick, and has a lengthy affair with her without Hannah's catching on. Elliot's behavior and hints

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ALL TIDIED UP for his formal appearance in print, James G. Watt bears small resemblance to Big-Foot-in-Mouth, the Wild Man from Wyoming, who, in the role of Secretary of the Interior, was at no pains to disguise his opinion that the Garden of Eden was, after all, an unaffordable preservationist luxury, and who made unguarded remarks concerning blacks, cripples, and Jews. Since that time he has apparently attended dancing school, having become ever so careful never to step on his partner's feet: always remembering to add "or her" after "his," never writing "church" without following immediately with "or synagogue," and even placing "Jew" before "Christian" in a given series, exactly as if Judaism were the majority, rather than a minority, religion in the United States. Perhaps it is owing, then, to this over-elaborate and highly self-conscious etiquette that *The Courage of a Conservative* (Simon & Schuster, $15.95), "by" James Watt "with" Doug Wead, is such an ineffably dull book; though, come to think of it, it isn't long on substance either. Hiring Wead to help pull the thing was somewhat on the order of hitching a Clydesdale to draw a baby carriage.

If Watt had been content to write an account of his days, trials, and tribulations at the Interior Department, even then he might have produced a useful and historically interesting book. Instead, he had to try and rival Barry Goldwater (whom he does not in the least resemble), marshaling the troops for parade while reserving scenes of past glories in office for slide-show projections cast now and then on a screen behind him as he stands saluting in fervent review. *The Courage of a Conservative*, its publisher tells us, echoes Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative*: It will be to conservatives of the Eighties what the other was to those of the Sixties; it is a *modern* "conservative manifesto." But sinking stones make no sound.

Watt's "conservative" is a lot like the Hemingway persona as caricatured by Wyndham Lewis: "This wooden-headed, leaden-witted, heavy-footed, loutish and oafish marionette—peering dully out into the surrounding universe like a great bloated five-year-old—pointing at this and pointing at that—uttering simply 'CAT!'—'HAT!'—'FOOD!'—'SWEETIE!' "—in this case, "GOD!"—"COUNTRY!"—"HONOR!"—"DUTY!"—"FREEDOM!"—"LIBERAL!"—"RUSSIAN!" Unlike the Hemingway figure, however, as a comrade it is not "infectious," but deadening; perhaps because, as a "modern conservative" (variously introduced as a "compassionate" or "bleeding-heart conservative"), its ejaculations generally take the form of slogans or clichés, which its dimwitted mind accepts as having correspondence with reality.

"The background [of this book]," Watt writes, "reaches no further into history than the early 1960s, with President John Kennedy and Barry Goldwater"; these being the years in which, according to his argument, "modern conservatism" was formed. Since then the debate has moved left faster than the voters have moved right, the result being that "we are probably the most liberal conservatives the nation has ever known. In the context of American history, some would not call us very conservative at all. . . . A New Dealer would feel right at home with us." In Watt's view, "American history" was going along swimmingly right up to the death of Jack Kennedy, after which the lunatic fringe took over and ran the country into the ground with its extreme socialistic notions; now it remains for the "conservatives," as "the people who are newly committed to meeting the needs of disadvantaged Americans and believe the modern conservative movement offers their best hope," to make everything right again by returning the country to free-market capitalism and individual initiative, respect for religious belief and traditional mores, and the global defense of freedom—commitments to which Watt, blandly but erroneously, assumes add up automatically to something properly describable as conservatism—but without, however, re-examining the foundations upon which the contemporary liberal state rests, and without, therefore, performing that essential conservative task Richard Weaver identified as "defining our way of life."

"It is ironic and yet very instructive to note that the argument in the West has been moved so far to the left that the modern conservative American can find no more eloquent description of the duty assigned to him than the words [of] a young liberal President"—and Watt quotes John Kennedy on Americans as "the watchmen on the walls of world freedom." Barry Goldwater published *Conscience of a Conservative* in March 1960, as John F. Kennedy was running for President; and if James Watt, from the perspective of a quarter-century, doesn't see much difference between their points of view, Senator Goldwater certainly did, and probably still does. The fact is that the former Secretary, bugaboo of all liberals, has somewhere discovered the discarded shell of the New Frontier lying about, crept inside it, and put out more flags. It will be interesting to see what, if anything, he plans to do with it. He is most unlikely to be bothered there. □

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from Holly are dead giveaways, but disgustingly perfect Hannah remains a perfect dupe. Nor is there any evidence of wisdom from her as she lends Holly large sums for various harebrained projects.

As for Elliot, we see him only as a fool for love, torn between wife and mistress. As written, and as played by a now gross-looking Michael Caine—his Cockney accent as incongruous on Wall Street as in a Woody Allen menagerie—he remains nebulous and uninvolving. Allen cannot create rounded characters outside the artsy or bohemian milieu, and he specializes in intellectual drifters, usually show-biz and often female. Into the latter class fall Lee and Holly, women of the sort who go through life aimless and discontented. Yet Allen contrives happy endings for all concerned in the crassest Hollywood tradition—crasser, perhaps, because the old Hollywood puppets had no pretensions to being real.

Most preposterous is the fate of Holly, who, after aggressively failing at everything, suddenly becomes a gifted and successful writer, an amiable human being, and happy wife to—of all people—Mickey (Woody Allen), the insanely hypochondriacal TV producer who could not make a go of his previous marriage to the wonderful Hannah, but is now headed for bliss with the radically reformed Holly. Yet when, earlier, he had a single date with her, it was a total fiasco: "I had a great time tonight. It was like the Nuremberg trials." Scarcely more believable is Lee, perennial student and member of AA, who goes from a long relationship with Frederick into a passionate affair with Elliot, and, when brother-in-law can't quite leave his wife, starts taking courses at Columbia and promptly marries the lit. teacher she got involved with. At the final Thanksgiving, four happy couples, including the girls' parents, sit down to eat turkey. Woody should eat crow.

Hannah and Her Sisters is a kind of remake of *Interiors* with bits of *Manhattan* humor grafted onto it. It may be that our Borscht-Belt Bergman, having found out that *The Passion of Anna* was a remake of *Shame*, felt the need to emulate the master in this too. So he naturally got von Sydow to play Frederick, a rethinking of the character of the same name in *Interiors*. And what about the *Manhattan* humor? It appears that writing Mickey—i.e., himself—into the movie was an afterthought; indeed, that the entire film was extensively reshaped during its editing. I've heard of performances being assembled in the cutting room, but to create a whole film there seems a very questionable procedure, not the way of an artist. Mickey, in any case, is the standard Allen persona yet again going through agonies with sundry tests and doctors over an imaginary brain tumor, then hoping to evade mortality by converting to Catholicism or, if that fails, the Hare Krishna cult. The jokes are schematic, the chief formula being the intrusion of an awesome term into a mundane context, as with the above-mentioned Nuremberg trials, or a mundane term into an awesome context, as when reincarnation elicits the comment, "It means that I'll have to sit through the Ice Capades again."

As for the "serious" dialogue, it's on the order of Elliot's, "For all my education and so-called wisdom, I can't follow my own heart." But is it perhaps Allen's directorial style that makes the difference? Yes and no. He has his tricks. He gets a good cinematographer, in this case Carlo di Palma, to shoot New York City so ravishingly that it looks like a cross betwen Paris and Paradise; he loads his sound track with good old show tunes, and sprinkles in some Puccini and Bach to cover all bases and trebles; then hauls out some putatively prestigious camera movements. Thus he shoots one scene in a bookstore, with the camera tracking back and forth, peering between stacks and intermittently catching the actors; a later scene, in a record store, has the camera tracking forth (but not back) as it follows the characters' heads and shoulders gliding above bins full of records. There are also the typical long shots of little Woody making his way through big New York's colorful streets—interchangeable with similar shots from *Broadway Danny Rose* and earlier Allen films.

Two scenes do come off. One has a friendly married couple slowly thrown into a tizzy as it dawns on them that their hosts, Mickey and Hannah, want the husband to impregnate Hannah because Mickey is infertile. (By way of a superhappy ending, the film concludes with Holly pregnant by Mickey: Biology is no match for Woody's imagination!) Another shows the three sisters at a charged luncheon get-together, with emotions running high as the camera waltzes around the women, catching them from curious angles in provocative juxtapositions. But, for the most part, Allen the director and Woody the scenarist are in unholy collusion: Whenever a scene reaches the point where a difficult insight is called for, they simply cut away to another set of characters and skim along *those* surfaces. But sets (Stuart Wurtzel) and costumes (Jeffrey Kurland) are contrived with extreme cunning to tell, by themselves, at least half the story. This is, undeniably, artful; but is it art?

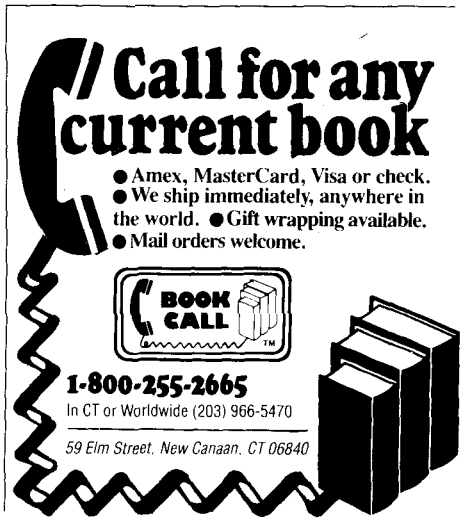
The acting is generally satisfactory, though, as the sisters' father, the late Lloyd Nolan seems awkward and out of place. But such is the enthusiasm for this film (several major magazine raves well ahead of the opening date!) that Andrew Sarris could gush in *The Village Voice* about how Nolan's casting "contributes a ghostly poignancy." For Woody Allen, even the Grim Reaper puts out. □

DELECTATIONS

MONTE PORZIO IF YOU CAN

Nika Hazelton

A NUMBER OF people have told me that they like reading about the Italy of my childhood. I spent a good deal of my childhood in the then very small town of Monte Porzio with our relatives. It was wonderful to get away from the much more formal life that my parents led in Rome.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In the early Twenties everyone traveled by train. The train to Frascati was sublimely indifferent to timetables. Instead of leaving on time, the *trenino di Frascati* would hoot three or four times, making believe it was going to take off, in order to keep the passengers from rioting over the delays. Also, the train did occasionally depart on time, so that no one ever dared come late or go for a cup of coffee.

In Frascati, we transferred to a tram that took us to Monte Porzio in half an hour or so. Monte Porzio clustered on top of an extinct volcano; a long broad road led up to it from the station at the bottom of the valley. Then there was open land on either side of the road; today, all that land is filled with little villas, because Monte Porzio is now a commercial place, where an enormous, shining new winery makes an innocuous (but tasteless) wine sold as Frascati. It is cheap, and it travels well, which the genuine Frascati of the old days never did.

My relatives' house was an old *palazzo* once used, so legend said, by Jérôme Bonaparte, Napoleon's youngest brother, for dallying with the local maidens while visiting his sister Pauline Borghese. Pauline's Roman husband, Prince Borghese, owned the still-standing chief *palazzo* of the little town, on the main square, with an enormous terrace that had a sweeping view of the plain and mountains to the northwest. In those days, the old houses of the town had no really cold running water, so that the fountain in the main square was *the* place to get the water with which we diluted our wine at meals. I loved to be asked to fetch the water; it was the only time I was allowed to get into the hubbub of the main square all by myself.

My relatives' house faced its rather dusty garden with a corner terrace, its gazebo overlooking the long uphill road from the station. The women of the family and their friends used to sit for hours in the gazebo, embroidering or knitting, and gossiping about who was coming up the hill from the station, having been to Frascati—or even to Rome. Since Roman wives would not have cared to be too far away from their husbands but wanted to get out of the Roman summer, Monte Porzio was a popular nearby *villeggiatura* to which husbands could come for weekends before the whole family left for the seashore in August. I remember one Saturday afternoon when one of the assembled signoras, peering over the terrace's banister, cried out: "*Eccolo!*" and swept out through the garden gate to greet her spouse sweating up the hill, jacket hanging over one shoulder, his straw boater used as a fan.

On the ground floor of the house was the dining room, which overlooked the garden. My relative—I called him Uncle—was an irascible man when it came to food. When a dish did not suit him, he, like his well-to-do friends, simply flung the whole thing out the window into the garden. Since I don't remember ever seeing any of the outcast food among the paths and flowers, one of the numerous peasant maids must have removed the sordid mess while we ate. The *salone* was also found on the ground floor, a large room with a long, narrow sideboard, displaying a row of ancient Chinese figurines that nodded their heads when you pushed them, a forbidden but frequently indulged-in pastime of the maids and children of the house. As far as I remember, nobody ever went into the *salone*; even the parish priest, who regularly came for Sunday midday dinner, was received in the dining room or upstairs, in my uncle's study or in the room overlooking the street where he displayed the coins, Roman lamps, pots and shards, and other antiquities that had been dug up in his vast properties of olive groves and vineyards. Monte Porzio, after all, was a settlement of Rome, its full name being Monte Porzio Catone (Catone for Cato the Elder—*delenda est Carthago*).

Our bedrooms were on this floor and so was the bathroom, the pride and joy of my relatives, who had fitted it out with the works—tub, loo, bidet, sinks (two of them)—all imported from Germany, the most fashionable and up-to-date fixtures of the time, all in gleaming white. Only one thing was missing—running water. This, however, was no problem in the days of abundant domestic help; Italy at that time was a poor country, where servants could be obtained for pennies. So the maids, taking turns, sat outside the bathroom door, ready to flush toilets with a pail of water and to fetch the water we needed for our frequent ablutions. □

A GREAT NEW DELECTATIONS CONTEST! ENTER NOW!

Contestants are asked to describe their personal conception of heaven and hell on this earth. I stress: Only on this earth, or, if you prefer, in today's world. (Expressing views on your other-worldly future will disqualify you instantly, as will mention of this magazine or any of its personnel.) For instance, my own idea of heaven in this world is instant room service in the kind of superior hotel that has a kitchen on every floor, with a waiter ready to come to you at any hour of the day or night. Hell, to me, is an airport terminal on the eve of a holiday. My husband's idea of heaven is unlimited time and money for an interesting research project, whereas his hell is to be stuck for an indefinite amount of time with a bunch of bores. A friend would consider it celestial never to be rushed, and her idea of hell on earth is the continuous operation of a jackhammer in New York.

Three prizes and a booby prize will be awarded, after the usual totally incorruptible scrutiny by Bill Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, and Nika Hazelton. Entries are to be sent to Nika Hazelton, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 and must be postmarked by March 21.

Honesty compels me to admit that the idea for this contest originated with that wonderful English weekly, *The Spectator*, which has great articles and book reviews, columns, letters on any number of different and unexpected subjects. However, *The Spectator* contest was limited to one's ideas of private hells; whereas *NR* readers know that life is not always hell—quite the contrary, in fact.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Papa: An Intimate Biography of Mark Twain, by Susan Clemens, edited and with an introduction by Charles Neider (Doubleday, 236 pp., $15.95)

ERNEST HEMINGWAY was not the only "Papa" in the annals of our literary culture. It was in fact one of his own literary heroes, Samuel Langhorne

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Clemens, a/k/a Mark Twain, who was also known as Papa, though in a more familial and private sense of that endearing term. The endearment was especially pronounced, in this case, because it came from Twain's 13-year-old daughter Susy. She was an unusually bright and sensitive child and very much the natural offspring of the beloved "Livy" and our first truly indigenous storyteller of world rank. This is simply an astonishing book, in several ways at once, and one that must become a necessary reference for all Mark Twain enthusiasts and scholars. It gives Susy's biography of her father for the first time in its entirety, usefully set in large-print type in order to distinguish it from the rest of the text, and introduced by Mark Twain along with his predictably amusing and copious comments. Then there is editor Charles Neider's introduction, with its revelations of Susy as someone rather more complex than an adoring daughter in thrall to the father-genius. More than anything else, however, *Papa* is an intensely human document, which appeared in the great celebratory year of 1985: the 150th anniversary of Mark Twain's birth (1835); the 75th of his death (1910); and the centenary of both the American publication of *Huckleberry Finn* (1885) and Susy Clemens's charming biography of her father. She died at age 24 of spinal meningitis. THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

The Glenn Gould Reader, edited by Tim Page (Knopf, 476 pp., $20)

"GLENN GOULD," B. H. Haggin once grumbled, "prefers talking nonsense on anything anywhere to playing the piano marvelously in the concert hall." For the benefit of those who appreciated Gould's particular brand of nonsense more than Mr. Haggin did, Tim Page has put together a lengthy collection of essays, speeches, and interviews called *The Glenn Gould Reader*. Gould's prose was as uneven as his piano playing; some of these pieces (particularly "The Prospects of Recording") are startlingly provocative, some embarrassingly sophomoric, one or two just plain dull. Virtually all are more or less perverse: Gould calls Richard Strauss "the greatest musical figure who has lived in this century" on one page and dismisses the Mozart G Minor Symphony as "a half-hour of banality" on the next. But all are worthy of your closest attention—for despite his extreme (and self-conscious) eccentricities of taste and thought, Glenn Gould was the most gifted pianist of his generation, and his best writings on music were as thought-provoking, closely argued, and compelling as his best performances. Avoid the dragged-out spoofs and parodies; savor the liner notes, which are to recorded classical music as Paul Desmond's *triple sec* jacket essays were to jazz. A wonderful, irritating book. TERRY TEACHOUT

VAN DEN HAAG

(Continued from page 44)

tennis or baseball or enjoying the prison library, is hard to stomach. Wherefore about 75 per cent of Americans favor the death penalty, for the sake of justice, and to save innocent lives. I think they are right.

On occasion I have been presented with a hypothetical. Suppose, I have been asked, that each execution were shown to raise rather than reduce the murder rate. Of course this is quite unlikely (wherefore there is no serious evidence): The more severe and certain the punishment, the less often the crime occurs, all other things being equal. The higher the price of anything, the less is bought. But, if one accepts, *arguendo*, the hypothetical, the answer depends on whether one prefers justice —which demands the execution of the murderer—or saving the lives that, by this hypothesis, could be saved by not executing him. I love justice, but I love innocent lives more. I would prefer to save them.

Fortunately we do not face this dilemma. On the contrary. Capital punishment not only satisfies justice but is also more likely to save innocent lives than life imprisonment. □

BROOKS

(Continued from page 36)

U.S. has been able to concentrate its foreign policy on faraway places like the Middle East and Asia precisely because of the lack of any threat close to home. Disorder in Latin America ties down our forces and makes us less able to fulfill commitments in Europe and elsewhere. Meanwhile, every effort to stabilize Latin America draws a flood of anti-American vitriol from the American Left, our European allies, and the Latin Americans themselves. The Soviets want nothing constructive out of Latin America. They can view the disintegration of Latin America from a distance, hoping the U.S. will get sucked into the mess, while keeping their own hands clean.

In a limited sense, those who say our Latin America problem is not primarily part of the East-West conflict are correct. But neither is the unrest there an indigenous product of poverty and exploitation. Even in Nicaragua, there was no widespread anti-American sentiment before the rise of the Sandinistas. Rather, unrest in Latin America is brought on by a small vanguard of university-educated, upper-middle-class terrorists who have been elevated to guerrilla status by the strategy and support of Fidel Castro. Demographically, these groups are identical to Italy's Red Brigades or the German Baader-Meinhof Gang. The leader of *Sendero Luminoso* is an old philosophy professor who went off into the hills to form a pseudo-Maoist, pseudo-Inca personality cult. Arturo Cruz captured the character of the Sandinistas when he asked derisively, "Do you think a single one of them—the nine comandantes—could get a job and earn a living?"

In 1981, then Secretary of State Alexander Haig argued for going after what he called "the source" of Central America's trouble by applying direct pressure on Cuba. Since Haig's departure, nobody in the Administration or in Congress has echoed that view. Our hesitancy stems from the myth that the Cubans are Soviet puppets, and thus that pressure on the Cubans is the same as pressure on Moscow. The Cubans are not Soviet puppets but Soviet allies. They are dependent allies to be sure, but Moscow neither demands absolute Cuban obedience nor absolutely supports Cuban adventures. We must adopt a defensive posture vis-à-vis the Soviets because we don't have the power to defang them. But there is no reason to be similarly intimidated by Fidel Castro. We should not be satisfied with confronting Castro over his conquests in Grenada and Nicaragua; we should take aim at the factory of Latin revolution. Our Latin America policy would be more realistic if we were to pretend that except as a source of money and guns, the Soviet Union doesn't exist. □

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UNDERSTANDING AFRICAN LEADERS

ROUGEMONT, FEB. 3

THE HEADLINE in the Paris *Tribune* is, "African Leaders Are Baffled by Reagan's Embrace of Savimbi." There is a great deal going on in Africa that ought to baffle African leaders, including genocide, starvation, and neocolonialism. But no, they elect to be baffled by Mr. Reagan's public decision to help Savimbi, a freedom-fighter in Angola who already dominates one-third of Angolan territory and is determined to dominate the whole country, upon which he is publicly committed to two objectives. The first is the ouster of forty thousand Cuban soldiers who have maintained the Marxist dictatorship in Angola since 1975, and who transmit to the reigning junta instructions from Moscow. The second is to hold democratic elections.

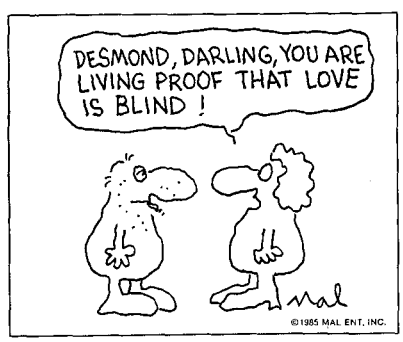
Nine African leaders were summoned to a meeting in Harare, Zimbabwe. It was there that they expressed their dismay over Savimbi's meeting Reagan. One would think they could profitably have used their time by expressing their dismay over Zimbabwe. It is there that, in the name of freedom and equality, the government of Robert Mugabe was established. As recently as last November, Prime Minister Mugabe announced his devotion to a one-party state in Zimbabwe, the entire collectivity oriented toward Marxist ideals. African leaders have had some experience with African states oriented toward Marxist ideals. Most recently in Ethiopia, which required a worldwide conscription of rock singers to prevent universal starvation.

The African leaders did have a point in contrasting the policies of the Reagan Administration in Angola and in Mozambique. Both are Marxist dictatorships, but there is a salient difference unremarked by the leaders' dispatch, which is that Angola's dictatorship is not indigenously imposed. It is the creature of Castro's Cuba. The pride one so often sees reflected in the declarations of African leaders on the subject of their emancipation from the colonial yoke simply pays no notice, for reasons unfathomed, and perhaps unfathomable, to Soviet imperialism at work in Angola, in Ethiopia, and of course worldwide.

Zimbabwe's foreign minister is quoted as protesting Savimbi's meeting with President Reagan in a statement that announced, resignedly, that that action "must, once again, call into doubt the sincerity and, indeed, the morality of those within the present American Administration who claim that their only goal in southern Africa is the achievement of peace, justice, and equality for all." Really, those are what they used to call fighting words. The states of Angola, Botswana, Lesotho, Malawi, Mozambique, Swaziland, Tanzania, Zambia, and Zimbabwe, all but two of them one-party states (Zimbabwe has not quite yet achieved despotism, though through no fault of its leader), don't have a great deal to teach the United States about the search for peace, justice, and equality. They do, however, have a great deal to teach the United States about the utter fatuity of declarations by most Third World leaders when talking about U.S. policy: or, for that matter, when talking about a great many matters.

It is difficult to think of a single President of the United States who did not at least once in his term enunciate the United States' goal of aiding those who sought to resist colonization by the Soviet Union. We began with the theory of containment: The Soviet Union's frontiers cannot be extended. Well, directly and indirectly, they have been extended: in Southeast Asia, in the Caribbean, in Africa, and in Afghanistan. We did more merely than to help provision those who resisted that imperialism. We ourselves fought in Korea, and achieved a stalemate. And we fought in Vietnam, and lost.

But the African leaders are not bemoaning American inconstancy in Indochina. They appear to be saying that our willingness to help Angolans achieve the freedom from colonialism that they achieved from Portugal, only to lose it to Castro, is evidence of American hypocrisy. We do well to ask why it was that Portuguese dominion over Angola was resented, not so Soviet-Cuban dominion over Angola. But here we run into, yet again, the greatest paradox of the postwar years: the relative immunity of the Soviet Union from criticism for its barbarities, combined with the relentless criticism of the United States for its endless efforts, however clumsy, to help the people of the world protect themselves against the black plague made in Moscow, whose fruit is intrigue, tyranny, torture, and starvation. □



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REAGAN'S STATE OF THE UNION

NEW YORK, FEB. 5

CONCERNING THE President's State of the Union address, a few observations:

1. Those who criticized the address for scant attention to detail should remind themselves that a President is best off doing what comes naturally, always assuming that what comes naturally isn't a deadly sin. It is interesting to note that the Democratic high command has finally decided that it might just as well criticize Yellowstone Park as criticize the man, Ronald Reagan. This was clear to some of us two years ago, who, in a flush of democratic impartiality, counseled Walter Mondale and Dame Geraldine forgawdssakes not to base their campaign on what an awful man Reagan was, how he hated blacks and minorities, the poor, and the little man. The principal reason why that doesn't work with Reagan is that his concern for all of America shines through his rhetoric and through him.

2. Reagan's second skill is his faculty of central focusing. In 1968, President Lyndon Johnson gave a State of the Union message so long-winded as to lose even the attention of the lobbyists. His principal motive, in devising that speech, was to reanimate enthusiasm for the Vietnam War (the Tet Offensive lay only a few days ahead). So he pulled out the stops on his entire Great

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Society program, and what seemed hours into the speech, he was talking about what he would do for the wistaria-tree blight, and from there he went on to the plight of the redwoods. In a studio, standing by to comment on the speech, Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. leaned over to me and muttered, "Better redwoods than deadwoods." It was the principal achievement of President Johnson's State of the Union speech that he provoked a witticism from Professor Schlesinger. Reagan's treatment of America's problems was synoptic, but dead on target. The principal foreign problem is the continued aggressiveness of Soviet foreign policy. The principal domestic problem is the dissolution of family life.

3. On the matter of the budget deficit, uppermost in the minds of most of the nervous citizenry, Reagan turned to Speaker Tip O'Neill with a fraternal gesture, and said, "Now, Mr. Speaker, you know, I know, and the American people know—the federal budget system is broken; it doesn't work. Before we leave this city, let's you and I work together to fix it—so that then we can finally give the American people a balanced budget." A nice gesture, unfortunately not by any means likely to succeed, given that Tip O'Neill is the Original Big Spender and has not within living memory adopted a position manifestly geared to the commonweal, if it is burdened with political disadvantages.

But here Mr. Reagan must acknowledge a guilty conscience of his own. It has to do, of course, with Social Security. Twice during his first four years he was ambushed. The first time by David Stockman, who in making proposals for Social Security reform in 1981 paid no attention to political realism, resulting in an impetuous endorsement by Reagan, and an all but unanimous rejection by the Senate. And then, in 1984, Walter Mondale provoked Reagan into assuring the voters that under no circumstances would he modify the existing program. That is the reason he has to concentrate on Amtrak-size reductions. Still, the bipartisan gesture was sincerely intended, and no doubt it caught the attention of the great audience that saw it made, and will be looking at Tip O'Neill a little less indulgently than has been the case in the past.

4. But, of course, the most important observation of the President has to do with the diminished understanding of how it is that Big Government can help demoralized families. If family is the correct word to describe a mother and her illegitimate child, or children. Bill Moyers did a fine television documentary a fortnight ago on the problem, an epidemic in particular among blacks, the majority of whose children are now born illegitimate, to be raised by a single parent, headed—as the statistics reveal—for a lifetime on the edge of poverty. What happened? And what can we conclude from the coincidence that the mass movement toward illegitimacy coincided with the mass movement of government aid in myriad welfare enterprises? Most people know that Charles Murray has written a book which last year all but preempted conversation about welfare and poverty, and the question whether there was a relationship between the two. Mr. Reagan invites now a formal inquiry into the question. That takes courage. He should name Tip O'Neill chairman of the commission. □

OVERTAXING DEMOCRACY

NEW YORK, FEB. 10

IT IS TIME, thanks largely to developments in the Philippines, to say some unkind things about democracy. The first of these is that democracy does not necessarily usher in virtuous governments or tolerable human conditions. The second is that democracy, particularly in its currently accepted, fanatical application (one man, one vote) is nothing more than a Western superstition. We are entitled to our superstitions and to our taboos, but it does not make much sense to assume that they are readily universalized.

Two episodes, illustrative in purpose. The movie, a dozen years ago, and the startled reaction to it by an American who saw it in Lagos, Nigeria. Scene, an eighteenth-century American slave ship, engaged in transporting West Africans for sale in the slave markets of Charleston, South Carolina. There is a mutiny by the blacks against the white captain and his white crew. But it is suppressed, the ring leaders of the mutiny are segregated, and they are made to walk the plank. Wild cheering from the audience. What goes on here, the American asked himself? His host, a native Nigerian and a professor of anthropology, explained that Africans are trained to believe in the absolute authority of the chief. And the chief, in this picture, was the captain of the vessel, and that mattered more than that he was corralling Africans into lives of slavery in the New World. Proceed to deplore this blind allegiance to authority, as we all do, but stow it away as a fact of life in many parts of the world. It certainly has its manifestations when the Hitlers and the Stalins find it easy to conscript Holocaust and Gulag maintenance men.

Next: An American scholar, doing research into the balloting, after one of those elections we in effect presided over in South Vietnam during that country's brief interregnum with self-rule, elicited from the majority of the peasants he interviewed an attitude toward what they were doing that amounted to condescension over Western eccentricities. The idea, as one man put it, that by dropping a piece of paper in that box, over against that other box, you were substantially or even intelligently guiding your own future was—well, he just laughed.

It was certainly self-serving when President Marcos told me eight years ago on television that the American legacy of democracy had not been firmly enough rooted in the Philippines. But, at the same time, he was absolutely right. One does not deduce from his being right that he should also be president-for-life, but it is true that democracy had become a sham before President Marcos invoked martial law in 1972. Contenders were hiring private armies, and were then—as now—refusing to abide by the apparent results of elections. It is safe to say simply that democracy was not working, and democracy has hardly had a workout under Mr. Marcos of the kind that gives us confidence it is now ready to work.

DEMOCRACY is primarily valuable, the late Max Eastman wisely summarized in a book on political philosophy, as a negative instrument. A way for a people to say: We do not desire the existing rulers to continue to rule. The notion that democracy is actually an instrument by which the people can fine-tune public policy is—a Western superstition, along with the notion that anyone 18 years old, whether literate or illiterate, instructed or dumb, should participate in political decision-making. They are talking now about elections in Haiti, where 80 per cent of the people are illiterate. And about one man, one vote in South Africa. The *Washington Post* editorializes, with reference to Subic Bay and Clark Field in the Philippines and the implied threat against them if Mrs. Aquino should win, "He is right: The bases are important to the United States. But they are not more important than the condition of democracy in the Philippines." What utter nonsense. We *hope* that ordered self-rule will come to the Philippines, but whether or not it does, we have imperial responsibilities in the Western Pacific that have nothing whatever to do with civic progress in that country.

What matters most is the constitution of liberty. John Stuart Mill, the prima donna of Western democracy, conceded this when he opted for autocracy well-intentioned, rather than democracy as an instrument of totalitarianism and chaos. Ask not, in Africa or in Latin America, how many people voted for the incumbent governor: Ask what kind of life the people are permitted to live. Are they free? Are they protected from arbitrary rule? Are their holdings safe from inflation and theft? Can they leave the country and take their savings with them? "Democracy" may triumph in the Philippines, and life may become intolerable as the result. □

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OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send requests to 2035NR Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS: Buckley, Kirk, Solzhenitsyn, Evans, Muggeridge, etc. Send addressed, stamped envelope for list. Partisan Books, Box 549, Iowa City, Iowa 52244.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Y. H. Chu on Communist China

We can and should help Communist China modernize its political system and base it on these principles: of the people, by the people, for the people. Only the emergence of a free, democratic China will safeguard a peaceful world.

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

SINGLE WHITE FEMALE, 30+, non-slender but most "bodacious" and attractive, with glorious red hair, spiritual, healthy, loves reading, animals, old movies; fairly sane; solvent. Wishes to meet nice NYC man of financial accomplishment, for companionship. Box 1899, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016.

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others. For hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations, use our Exchange to contact others nearby or worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

DIVORCED WOMAN in my 60s. Active, healthy, intelligent. Enjoy bowling, walking, card playing, the outdoors. Am good-natured, understanding, considerate. No dowdy older woman am I. Classy, stylish, attractive, 5'2", 100 lbs. Write NR Box 4251.

PETITE, ENERGETIC blue-eyed blonde teacher, 50, seeks active, tall, intelligent, clean-shaven nonsmoker in his 50s. Interests: travel, beaches, dancing, bridge, art, museums. Houston. Write NR Box 4252.

CONNECTICUT WOMAN, college-educated, divorced, 42, who enjoys music, golf, bridge, skiing, would like to meet a professional divorced or single gentleman, white, non-smoker, who shares same or similar interests and is a person who is capable of letting a relationship deepen and grow. Write NR Box 4202.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST MAN, 27, seeks woman 25-35, not afraid of sharing kindness and compassion. Interests include traveling to new places, experiencing new things, and meeting new people. I play guitar, write songs, enjoy warm fireplaces and interesting conversation. If you are someone special but no one seems to notice, maybe I'm for you. Write NR Box 4231.

NERDETTES ONLY! If a laboratory is your native habitat, and a Nobel is your goal, write Occupant, 16 Thornwood Lane, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

STOP. I am a 27-year-old male prisoner seeking friendship. Gender, race, age unimportant. Writer, well-read and self-rehabilitated. Please write. Write NR Box 4255.

RELOCATABLE, self-taught Sovietologist; 33; healthy WASP vegetarian athlete; 6', 150 lbs., pleasant features. Enjoys quality culture, exploration, shortwave radio, nature, PBS, church: seeks courtship, marriage with mentally and physically fit nonsmoking female. P.O. Box 652, Glen Ridge, N.J. 07028.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, man, 37, motivated by conservative politics, seeks younger woman for conversation, sharing. Enjoys alpine skiing, sightseeing, children. Interested in history and many intellectual pursuits. Successful in business. Write NR Box 4245.

CHRISTIAN WOMAN, 26, professional, living in NYC area, enjoys sports, dancing, conversation, and children, wishes to meet a religious and intelligent Christian man. Write NR Box 4253.

ARIZONA ENGINEER, 33. Current interests include: bicycling, skiing, *The American Spectator*. Would like to meet an athletic, intelligent woman who doesn't use tobacco. Write NR Box 4238.

QUICK-WITTED, attractive, NYC woman, 33. Values directness, friendship, flexibility. Enjoys reading, films, conversation, rock 'n' roll. A reply, and we'll talk. Write NR Box 4235.

LESS-THAN-PERFECT Midwest gentleman interested in communicating with less-than-perfect females. Interests varied: politics, writing, travel, finance. Write NR Box 4105.

FELLOWSHIP WANTED with servants of God. I am into: human rights, current events, nutrition, and Armageddon. I am not into: ballgames, smoke, or sex. Robert Robertson, 2600 Center Street N.E. 48-C, Salem, Ore. 97310.

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Miscellaneous

NEW YORK BABY-SAVING CENTER needs pro-life counselors and volunteers. Expectant moms and their unborn infants depend on us. Send brief bio to NR Box 4224.

$10-$360 WEEKLY AND UP, mailing circulars! No quotas. Sincerely interested, rush stamped envelope: National Mailing, Box 20728-NR4, San Diego, Calif. 92120.

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GOD LOVES HIS INFIRM and elderly priests who gave their lives for you. For more information write Fr. Wm. Armstrong, S.J., 1107 Astor, Spokane, Wash. 99202.

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, new products wanted for presentation to industry and exhibition at national innovation exposition. Call 800-528-6050. Canada: 800-528-6060, ext. 831.

THANK Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Jude for favors received. J.N.-C. for T.J.R.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

FREE BROWN SCAPULAR and explanation of its benefits to those who wear it, as told by the Mother of God. Send S.A.S.E. to Box 3057, Casper, Wyo. 82602.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper — 101 144 71 15 109 168 28 118 57

B. Seaside dressing room — 42 103 30 193 8 64 73 186 114

C. The Little Bear (2 words) — 191 170 90 61 41 128 112 142 157

D. Street urchin — 31 177 55 44 121 113 133 166 6 98

E. When necrophiliacs like to work! (2 words) — 161 139 108 80 63 19 132 21 95 13 / 2 180 195 49

F. Not forthcoming with the answers — 140 181 18 69 187 158 48

G. Like a Shakespearean termagant — 189 52 150 156 1 135 78 25

H. Formation of social groups — 68 85 134 127 76 43 23 146 169 194 / 162 182 11 104

I. Descriptive of many large corporations — 17 83 126 145 171 87 67 24 184 50 / 160 199 39

J. Aware of — 91 138 192 35

K. Northeastern state — 5 45 20 124 84 197 155 117 70 99 / 105

L. Abstain — 116 129 37 72 26 96

M. The cheated shepherd was this! — 36 107 185 81 198 125 10

N. Arabian gulf — 86 164 149 60

O. Wash — 89 175 110 59

P. Old Testament book — 143 53 102 12 188 34 122 179 173 22 / 92 74

Q. Occasion of FDR's worst hour (2 words) — 151 46 176 14 3 33 190 94 65 75 / 196 56 115 136 106

R. Sir Walter Scott classic — 159 47 93 82 58 147 16

S. Early Christian compilation — 120 88 154 9 165 29 183 130 66 111 / 54 77

T. Mozart work — 27 167 152 7 97 38 141 79 123 174 / 163

U. Successful thought conveyance — 51 153 172 62 40 148 32 178 137 4 / 100 119 131

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 G	2 E	3 Q	4 U	■	5 K	6 D	7 T	8 B	9 S	■	10 M	11 H	12 P	13 E	■	14 Q
15 A	16 R	■	17 I	18 F	19 E	20 K	21 E	■	22 P	23 H	■	24 I	25 G	26 L	■	27 T
28 A	29 S	30 B	31 D	32 U	33 Q	34 P	■	35 J	36 M	■	37 L	38 T	39 I	40 U	41 C	42 B
43 H	44 D	■	45 K	46 Q	47 R	48 F	■	49 E	50 I	■	51 U	52 G	53 P	54 S	55 D	56 Q
■	57 A	58 R	59 O	■	60 N	61 C	62 U	63 E	■	64 B	65 Q	■	66 S	67 I	68 H	69 F
70 K	71 A	72 L	73 B	74 P	75 Q	76 H	77 S	78 G	■	79 T	80 E	81 M	82 R	83 I	84 K	■
85 H	86 N	■	87 I	88 S	89 O	90 C	91 J	92 P	■	93 R	94 Q	95 E	■	96 L	97 T	98 D
99 K	100U	101A	■	102P	103B	104H	105K	106Q	107M	108E	■	109A	110O	111S	112C	113D
114B	■	115Q	116L	117K	118A	119U	120S	■	121D	122P	123T	124K	125M	126I	127H	■
128C	129L	■	130S	131U	■	132E	133D	134H	135G	136Q	137U	138J	■	139E	140F	141T
142C	143P	144A	145I	146H	147R	148U	149N	150C	151Q	■	152T	153U	154S	■	155K	156G
157C	158F	159R	160I	161E	■	162H	163T	164N	165S	■	166D	167T	168A	■	169H	170C
171I	172U	173P	174T	175O	176Q	■	177D	178U	179P	180E	181F	182H	183S	184I	185M	186B
■	187F	188P	■	189G	190Q	191C	192J	193B	■	194H	195E	196Q	197K	198M	199I	■

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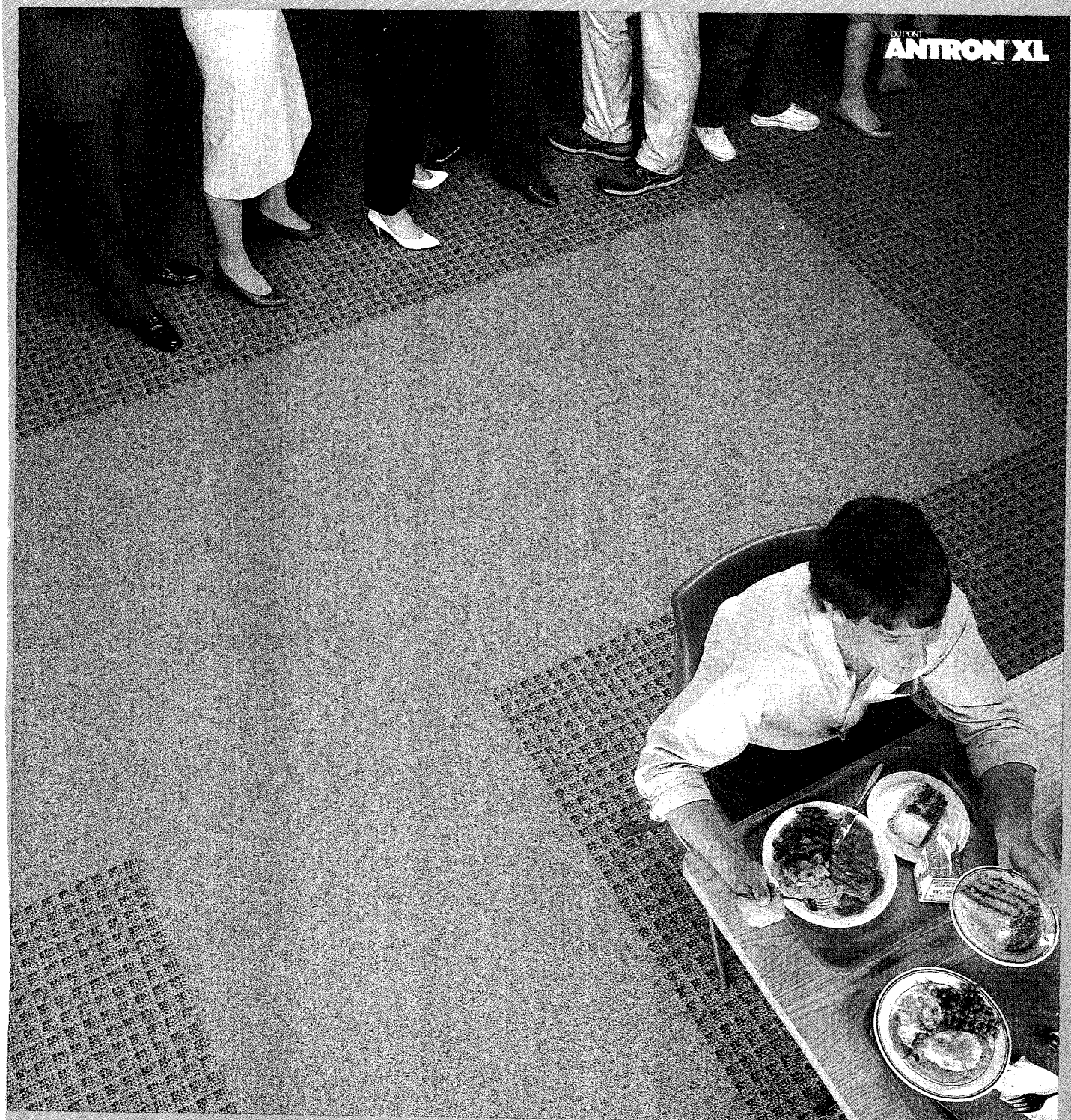

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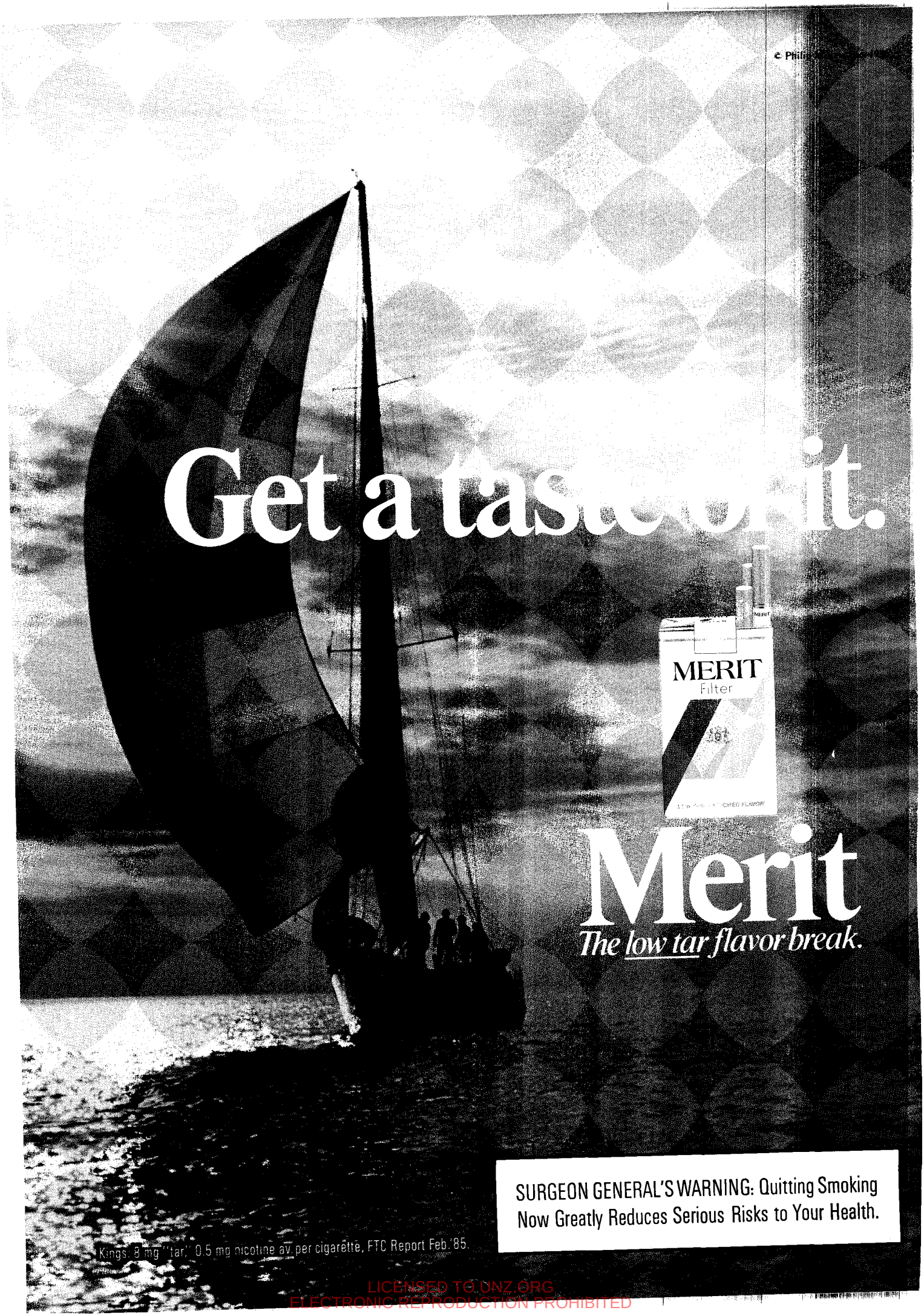
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